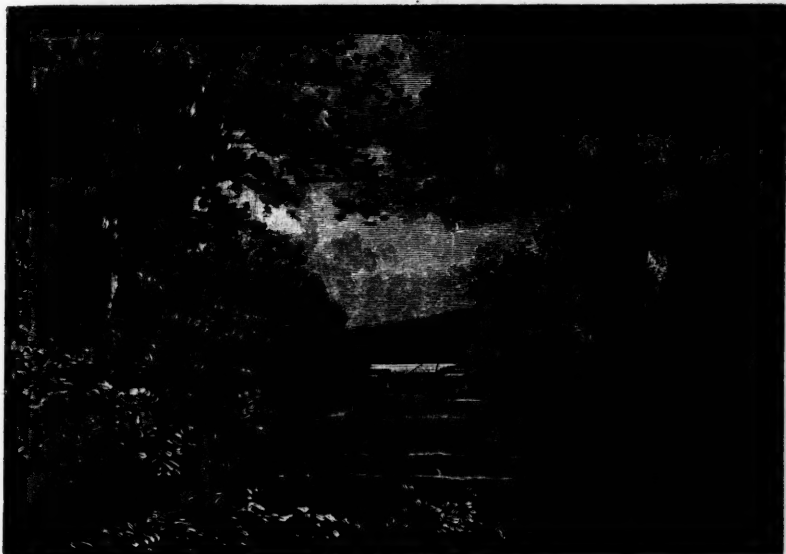


# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1881.

## FISHING IN VIRGINIA WATERS.



AT THE NARROWS.

BY courtesy it was called "an artists' excursion-party." It was composed of three merchants, one banker,—who was an amateur photographer,—a landscape artist, a doctor, and a railroad officer,—the last-named being the leader and manager of the expedition. Their destination was the beautiful Cheat River region, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in the heart of the Alleghanies. Marvellous tales had been told them of the Cheat,—how its coffee-colored waters sought an outlet through laurel brakes impenetrable to the hunter, be-

tween magnificent gorges, and over dashing waterfalls. One of the party had, the preceding winter, been lost in these mountains, in the land of Canaan, which lies over against Oakland, Garrett County, Maryland. When he emerged, after four days of shelterless and provisionless wandering in a snow-storm, he was a wiser and a much wetter man. A private car had been provided for the party, and on every side were strewn guns, fishing-tackle, and baggage, in the utmost confusion. And so things remained throughout the trip,—with all

the delightful freedom from domestic tyranny which always marks the first downward step of man, when left to himself,



toward his aboriginal liberty. If they had been given the Mammoth Cave for a dressing-room, they would have had it "cluttered up" in a week.

As they sped along the banks of the crooked Potomac to Harper's Ferry, the four enthusiastic fishermen of the party managed to put their rods and tackle in order. These were the railroad officer and the three merchants. If the former had an ambition in life beyond outgeneralling a rival road, it was to outgeneral a rival fisherman; and each of the latter would almost have preferred his balance-sheet to incline to the wrong side rather than his trout should turn the scale an ounce below its fellows.

Between Harper's Ferry—the gateway to the Alleghanies—and Piedmont, the mountains and low chains of hills pocketed into them are picturesque in their variety of aspect and formation, and often pastoral in the spreading meadows lying in the valleys, with rude farm-houses interspersed. But from Piedmont to the Cheat River, and beyond, the change is gradually made into one of the wildest portions of the continent east of the Mississippi. The

region geologically begins in Eastern Massachusetts, and extends through Northeastern New York, Northwestern New Jersey, Northern and Middle Pennsylvania, West and Southwest Virginia, and parts of Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Northern Alabama, and Georgia. The richest portion of it lies in Pennsylvania and in this region of Virginia, where every mountain is full of outcropping seams of coal, together with iron and other valuable minerals, and each acre of its surface is capable of growing

the finest timber. Its fertile valleys could furnish food for many millions of inhabitants; and for healthfulness it is unsurpassed on the face of the earth.

Rowlesburg, Preston County, West Virginia, on first impressions is not much of a place. The Cheat River, rising in Randolph County, flows past it, and enters, some one hundred and fifty miles from its source, the Monon-



gahela River farther on. It is a still, broad, winding stream, hugging the mountain-side, and rendered prosaic at

Rowlesburg by contact with the railroad and its traffic. But the mountain-scenery is very beautiful, and the air bracing and inspiring.

"How it tones one up!" exclaimed the Banker. "I have listened to the music at Saratoga, while fashion in search of health laid upon fair—and bare—shoulders burdens enough to break down an athlete; at Cape May I have bathed and lounged; and at the White Mountains, I have tried it on foot and in the cars; and at all I have been benefited. But the feeling on these Virginia mountains is entirely different. It may be that the air of other places is of the same dryness and

purity and possesses the same tonic properties, but I can only say I have never found it so. From Mr. Marc Cook's description of the Adirondack regions, these mountains may be equalled,—even surpassed; but I have never been in the Adirondacks. I should know this air anywhere within a hundred miles if transported blindfold from a thousand miles off."

"Is there not a great deal in its being so far in the interior, and in a naturally temperate climate, and so extensively walled in by mountain-chains on every side?"

"Whatever the cause, the result to me is a fact of personal experience. I



have always attributed the virtues of the Virginia springs to their very exceptional situation as much as to their waters."

It was very peaceful and quiet as they strolled, thus chatting, about the small mountain village; and none were more delighted than the old Doctor. He was again upon the theatre of many an adventure. He it was to whom we have alluded as having been lost in the land which lies over against Canaan,—a land which he would have been glad then to have found full even of Philistines, bitter enemies of the free-spoken Doctor to this day. Over these mountains he had tracked the deer and the bear, accompanied by his trusty guide and yelping hounds. He became young again with the magic of memory and with

invigorating draughts of the life-giving atmosphere.

The car had been switched upon a siding, and they returned to it as the shadows of evening crawled up the steep slopes of the eastern range.

"How peaceful, after the dust and noise of the journey!" said the Doctor, in a burst of enthusiasm.

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;  
The holy time is quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration. The broad sun  
Is sinking down in his tranquillity."

"I am more concerned about *our* tranquillity just at present," said the Photographer-Banker nervously: "this switch seems a very narrow margin of security to go to sleep upon."

But he was assured that they were as

safe as if they had the mountain between the main stem and their private car.

A siding they found a useful thing



and safe, but a place not to be desired as a permanent residence. It is shadeless; it is a refuge for oil-rags and old rubbish, where perambulating pig-sties rest before they are cleaned. But the party were tired: bad odors and vague apprehensions could not banish slumber. Soon the fishermen were dreaming of the morrow. One of them had just caught a champion trout, a monster, six pounds at least, and, strange to say, as it came out of the water it whistled like a steam-engine. He held it up in triumph. To his horror, it was not a trout, but a dynamite cartridge in the shape of one; and, as it exploded, the mountains came together and a rock fell upon his head. He found, however, that he was only sitting up in his bunk and his head had struck the floor of the one above. Had they been run into, after all? Were they all alive? Where were the dead and wounded? "Helper!" shouted reassuringly above the din the Railroad Officer.

"Help her? Where is she? What's the matter with her?"

The rest of the party were at once alive to the interest a lady in the case would naturally excite. But the Doctor was observed to quietly crawl back into his bunk and cover himself up. The fact was, the night was warm, the Doctor fat, and he had retired but scantily clothed.

"The 'Helper' is a heavy engine," explained the Railroad Officer when matters had quieted down, "added here to each train to 'help' it over the mountain."

"I imagined it was an earthquake," said the Artist thoughtfully, "and it was only an engine. What a nice thing a 'helper' would be to run past a church at the fag-end of a long sermon!"

There was little sleep that night. At intervals the earth shook and every lamp rattled, while, with whistle and roar, gigantic "Helpers" sped by, and mocking echoes trailed behind from mountain to mountain. In the morning it was determined that Rowlesburg was too subject to earthquakes for comfort, and the car was moved to a quieter spot. With the first dawn the fishermen were off for the "Narrows," where the mountains come close in to embrace the river, which, deep and still, coyly winds and turns for a distance of five or six miles. It is densely wooded along the banks and up the mountains with oak, spruce, and pine, and the density and wildness increase until the laurel brakes and tamarack swamps are reached, from whose fastnesses first issue the peculiarly-tinted waters of the Cheat.

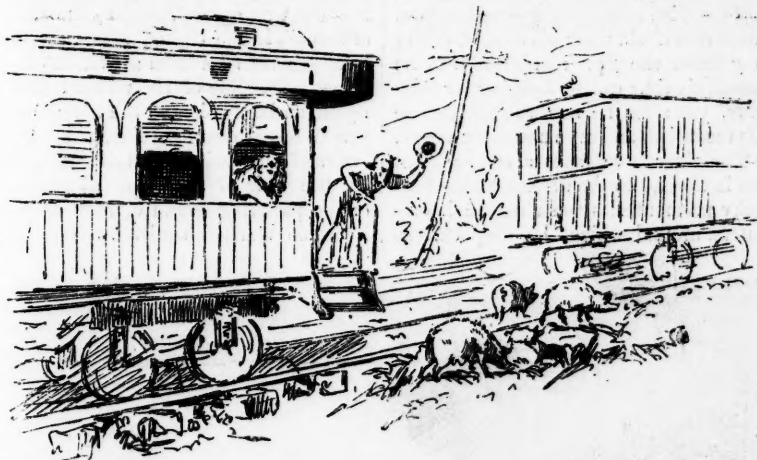


On the first day the fishermen caught—one trout. On the second day it rained, and, while the Artist and the



Photographer fretted and declared that the drizzle and mist were a "pretty kind of weather for a civilized country," the

fishermen came in with—two more trout. It was evident that the gaudy fly dazzled in vain, so grasshoppers were proposed.



After various frantic efforts to catch them, a hundred or two were bought—with a tin kettle thrown in—from one of the bonanza kings of the grasshopper world of Rowlesburg, at a high price, as he bulled the market by the assertion that "hoppergrasses were skerce this season." Talk of Pandora's box, Bluebeard's wife, and the pasha who, loath to bow-string a favorite sultana, simply placed a ferocious dog in a padlocked box and gave her the key! There might be some excuse for them; but there was none for the Artist, who pried into that kettle full of "hoppers." It is putting it mildly to say they were more difficult to catch than the first lot,—there were so many of them and they were in so many places at once. When reproached with having "as much curiosity as a woman," the cause of all the mischief had the hardihood to reply that what in woman was simply "a wish to pry into things" in man becomes a "desire for investigation," which had resulted in some of the greatest discoveries the world has known. But the trout looked upon the grasshoppers as

they had looked upon the flies. Occasionally in some still pool a lazy fellow would cock his weather eye and gracefully float a short way up, then switch his tail and go to the bottom again. Like the monks of old, they were too lazy for any of the active vanities of this wicked world.

The artists were more fortunate. They wandered about enchanted,— "moonied around," the Doctor said,— catching far-reaching woodland vistas, glimpses of jutting rocks, prostrate, lichen-covered tree-trunks, and shaded



streams. The Banker toted his box and tripod from place to place as if intent upon making a living by his art. On one of the most picturesque portions

of the river he succeeded in posing a lone fisherman, with the command to "do his artistic best!" and, although the latter expressed at the time the fear that his friends, if they recognized him, would cast doubt upon his boasted ability to "throw the fly," and aver that he passed his time quietly bobbing for minnows, yet after he saw the picture he was reconciled and even asked for a copy.

The river here takes a sudden bend and is wooded to the water's edge, where rocky promontories push out their cutwaters, around which the deep current

gently eddies. Here the traveller by rail looks down seven hundred feet. It is the celebrated Cheat River ravine,—probably, when the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was first opened, the best known bit of scenery in the United States. Its full beauty is not seen from above, but from below. The line of the railroad hardly makes an impression on the huge, nearly perpendicular mountain-side, while on the banks of the placid stream all is still, save for the whirl of an occasional pheasant or the pattering sound of nuts dropped by some startled squirrel. The cool,



VIEW ON THE CHEAT.

damp recesses are full of splendid ferns, and in the forest more than one little, modest spring,—the collected drippings of the glistening rocks above,—with waving ferns around it and slender grasses drooping over, invites to rest and claims its tribute of admiration.

There is a peculiar charm in the contrast between the rugged mountains and the gentle river. Farther up the Cheat is seen in its noisy and frolicsome youth. Its young waters delight to rush over rocks and fallen trees and take venturesome leaps down dark cascades; but here it begins a serene old age, with long stretches of calm waters, swirling

bends around the bases of sheltering mountains, up whose sides woodland paths lead off, overarched by hemlock and fir.

But most of the party had come for the fishing, not the scenery, and had now arrived at the conclusion that there had been just three trout in the Cheat and they had caught them all. The river, they decided, had been rightly named. They had no desire to penetrate into wilder regions and play the part of explorers upon the scale of some hundreds of square miles. A council, held under a spreading beech, determined that there were black bass in the Potomac, and,

further, that taken with the fly black bass afforded good sport. So the car dropped down to French's Station, near where the South Branch of the Potomac enters the main river, which passes, a noble stream, down by Romney.

"Now," said one of the party, who had been there before, "we will strike the stream a mile farther down and fish back."

"Nice fishing for four of us in a mile! Can't we hire a private preserve and



fish from the back porch?" This by the Doctor, and the latter remark was understood to refer to some gentlemen of Long Island who had recently been under discussion as fishermen.

But, after all, though they went a mile only, they fished back five on the opposite bank. The South Branch is the most accommodating fishing stream in the world. The stream is so crooked, indeed, that there is a tradition that it has but one bank. The mile is a hard road to travel, however, for it is down a nearly perpendicular mountain-slope, and every advantage must be taken of rocks and roots of trees.

The four fishermen caught that day one hundred bass,—fine black-backed fellows, twelve, fifteen, and eighteen inches long. They took the fly readily, and did not, like the trout of the Cheat, disdain a fat grasshopper. The aver-

age catch for three days was over one hundred each day. These game fish swarm in the Potomac and its branches,—in the Shenandoah and in the Great and Little Cacapon. It is estimated that in the season fully one thousand persons live almost entirely by fishing for them. What the pig is to the Irishman the black bass is to many of the mountaineers, with the addition that the bass forages for himself, while the "gentleman that pays the rint" often has to be lodged and fed as one of the family.

The first stocking of the Potomac is due to Mr. Edward Stabler, of Montgomery County, Maryland. Fifteen years ago he carried to Cumberland a few fish in the tender of an engine. In five years the number of bass taken in the main Potomac evidenced how kindly the fish had taken to its shallow and

rocky waters. Since then the Fish Commissioners have thrown in millions of young fry, until the bass abound in the river itself and in all the streams of sufficient size which are tributary to it.

In the Potomac the bass are taken from Point of Rocks, below Harper's Ferry, up as far as the river reaches; or, second, you can branch off up the Shenandoah; or, third, you can try the Great

cess. Take an old suit, shoes with hobnails,—for the rocks are many and slippery,—and wade in boldly, while before you lies a tumbling waste of rocks and water, in whose retreats lurk the swift-biting bass; a strong and far throw with your light and pliant Corvey or Wrenshal, and you will find sport fit for a prince. For the bass in these waters is a gamy fish and shows good fight, seconded by the natural advantages of the stream.

It is necessary either to know something of his habits and likings or to procure a guide. Otherwise you will have the mortification of coming home in the evening having tried all your fancy flies in vain. In the porch you will find probably, each with his string of fish, a group of pot-hunters. Their rods will be hickory and their tackle primitive; but the grin on their countenances as you pass will be quite up to the most highly improved standard. The best flies are the "Ferguson," "golden pheasant," "professor," "orange miller," and "king of the waters." The "drake," "scarlet ibis," and others, are occasionally successful.

On the last day of their stay on the South Branch, the Artist was busy with his sketches,—“finishing up,” he called it. He is a dapper little gentleman, and, besides being professionally an artist, confesses also to antiquarian tastes and a reverence for the great names of the past which throws a halo over their most trivial performances. Though the connection may not readily be seen, he had with him, too, a collection of hats. He had worn his sixth without any-

and Little Cacapon. All these streams are shallow; but in places the Potomac can be fished from a boat with a great deal of perseverance and very little suc-

cess. thing very striking happening, and this day had on his seventh and last. It was evident that something of more than ordinary importance had occurred



when he again made his appearance among the party, who were sitting under an oak, studying with interest some pictures of kings and queens and knaves quaintly and curiously en-

graved, and excitedly exclaimed, "I have made a great discovery!"

"A bear? And we have left our guns in the car."

"A five-pound bass?"



"It is neither. It is a 'great historic fact.' It is Braddock's Road,—the road over which he marched, through untold dangers, to—to— Where *did* he march to?"

Nobody knew; but the "historic fact" remained,—*this* was HIS road. The party were moved to tears. Braddock—the great Braddock—had been there, and they had missed him. They wandered over the road looking for his footmarks, but in vain. In silent meditation each man returned to the car; and not a word was spoken until they reached the Relay, where the Washington branch joins the main stem, when the silence was broken by the voice of one of the merchants.

"This scene reminds me," said he, "of another 'historic fact,' not so well known. We have missed the great Braddock. Listen, that you may hand this down to your children. On the

day Andrew Johnson was impeached, Maryland lacked one of her senators.



The legislature was in session, and an



urgent call was made upon it to elect to the vacant seat, which it did promptly, and Senator Vickers, of Kent County, was chosen. Kent County is on the Eastern Shore, and Mr. Vickers was there at his home on the Chester River. It was winter, and very cold. The preliminary voting on the impeachment had commenced, and was so close that one vote might turn the scale at any time.



It was necessary for Senator Vickers to be in his seat at once. The night succeeding his election, however, the ice on the Chester River was so thick that no ordinary boat could go down or up. No railroad ran anywhere near Mr. Vickers's residence. We had a representative, and he was needed, but he was frozen up, —totally unaware of his election. Reiterated requests still came from Washington to get him there at all hazards. We were at our wits' end, when some one thought of the ice-boat 'Maryland.' The 'Maryland' was used for breaking the ice in the harbor and river, having been built for that express purpose, — was owned by the city, and lay at her wharf with fires banked. It was the work of an hour to obtain permission to

use her, and, with a party of seven and a plentiful supply in the locker to keep us warm that bitterly cold night, we started. I have been on exciting trips in my time, but never on one as novel as that. Before starting, Mr. Carter, Secretary of State, was telegraphed to meet us at this place, — the Relay, — by way of the Annapolis Railroad, the next day, with Senator Vickers's credentials, which had not yet been made out. We crashed through the thinner ice of the harbor and Patapsco with all steam on, but in the Chester River we hardly seemed to make any progress at all. The huge and heavy boat would back and rush upon the thick ice, crunching it under her bows and making slow headway up the channel. It was after midnight when we arrived at the Landing, and we tramped thence over the snow to Mr. Vickers's house,

woke him up, had him on board as soon as he could get his clothes on, crashed back through the same channel, — again frozen hard, — and took the first train for Washington. At the Relay Mr. Carter was waiting, and that day Mr. Vickers was in his seat and had tendered his credentials as senator from Maryland. I believe that trip saved Andrew Johnson," concluded the speaker solemnly, "and—"

"Baltimore!" shouted the conductor.

"I move a vote of thanks," said the Doctor, rising, "to our noble associate and his friends for saving Andrew Johnson—and Baltimore."

It was carried.

JOHN C. CARPENTER.

## THROUGH THE ARDENNES.

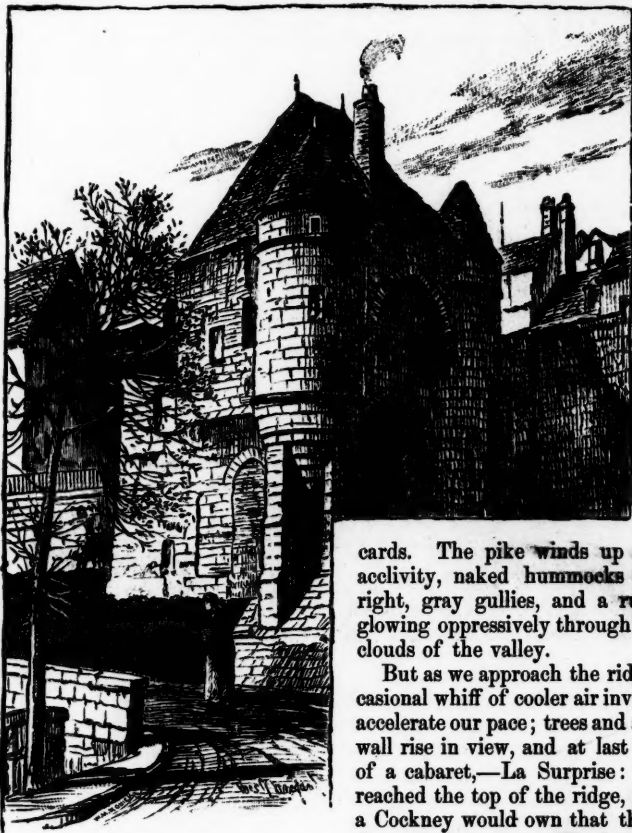


LA ROCHE-À-BAYARD.

"LA SURPRISE" is the name of a wayside tavern on the old pike-road from Laon to Brussels. The title is well chosen, and is getting more appropriate every day. Eastern France is not what it has been: Picardy, l'Ile de

France, and Champagne contain, in sober truth, some of the dreariest regions of the Eastern Continent,—no forests, no mountains, no green meadows and parks even, but treeless fields, crossed

by sand-roads and dusty hedges, with a few straggling hamlets here and there; a land of worn-out farms and dingy manufacturing villages. Between Laon and Vervin, the battle-field of Crécy is



GATEWAY, LAON.

about the only interesting point; but farther east the country would be sublimely desolate if it were a little sandier: as it is, the fields are just fertile enough to generate dust and fall-potatoes. In September, especially, the pike-roads sometimes rival the highways of the Spanish llanadas, and the pedestrian who leaves Vervin in a northeasterly direction will often cast a wistful glance at the Soissons Railway track, with its inviting road-bed and forbidding pla-

cards. The pike winds up a tedious acclivity, naked hummocks left and right, gray gullies, and a ruddy sun glowing oppressively through the dust-clouds of the valley.

But as we approach the ridge an occasional whiff of cooler air invites us to accelerate our pace; trees and a garden-wall rise in view, and at last the roof of a cabaret,—La Surprise: we have reached the top of the ridge, and even a Cockney would own that the tavern deserves its name. The broad valley of the Oise is at our feet, wooded hills, pastures and orchards beyond, and far in the east a lofty mountain-range with a bold outline and a sharp northern promontory,—the main chain of the Belgian Ardennes. Southeast, toward Luxembourg and Lorraine, the mountains mingle with the blue summits of the Vosges, and even at this distance every air-draught from the east cools the plains with the breath of the wooded highlands. The northwestern promontory is the Roche de Nivelles, and when

the Netherlands and Northern France were covered by the ocean the Roche must have formed the headland of a vast continent. The Ardennes are, in fact, the western terminus of the great Indo-European mountain-system, the rarely-interrupted highland range that stretches from Belgium through the Vosges, the Jura, the Alps, the Balkan, the mountains of Asia Minor, Persia, and Afghanistan, to the sources of the Ganges and the eastern spurs of the Himalaya. Nivelles is the Cape Horn of the Eastern mountain-world: north, west, and south-west of it there is nothing but lowlands and downs; eastward nothing but an

undulating plain that stretches across sixty degrees of longitude to the foothills of the Ural.

On the road from Vervin to Charlemont (about forty-five English miles) the blue chain of the Ardennes is almost constantly in view till we cross the Oise and ascend the opposite hill-country that rises apace toward the Belgian frontier. What a blessing to the surrounding lowlands is a wooded mountain-range! Within reach of the Ardennes water-courses there is no dearth; we find bushes and green herbage even on neglected fields, luxuriant meadows in every valley; the very air suggests the



ON THE MEUSE, NEAR DINANT.

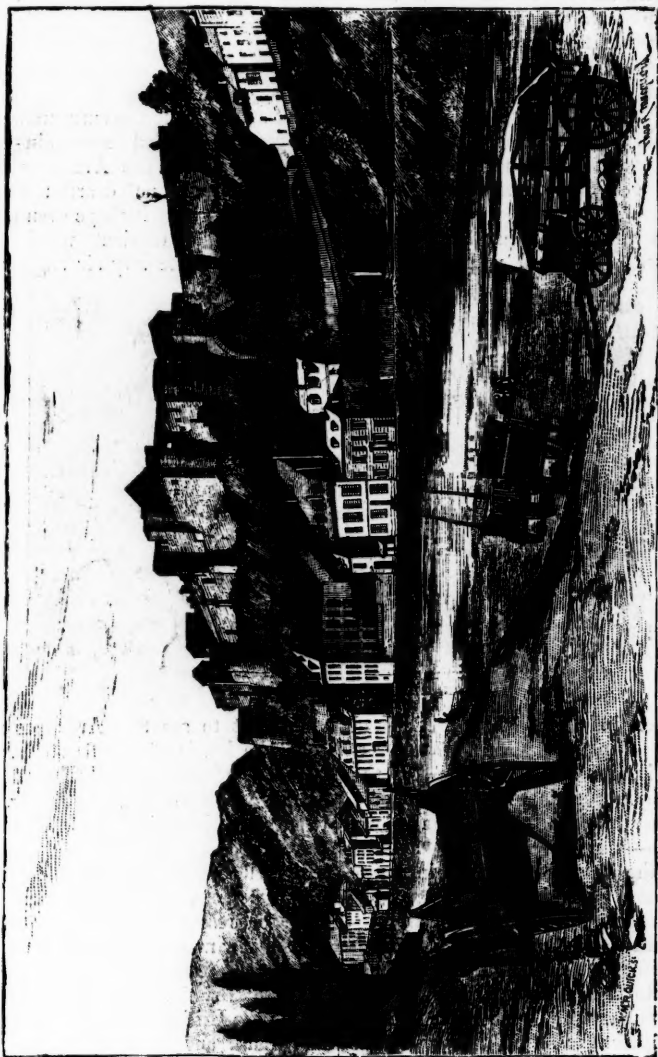
propitious influence of the highland forests. The Department of the Ardennes is, indeed, the Eden of the *Champagne*, and France has only two other regions that can rival its fertility,—Eastern Auvergne at the foot of the Cévennes, and the incomparable Bas-Pyrénées, whose beauty has survived the villages of the Roman colonists and the cities of the Albigenses.

It is from Charlemont that the main roads into the highlands diverge,—one to Paliseul and St. Hubert, another to Neufchâteau, and a third by way of the Val de Meuse to Dinant and Namur; but a fourth, the old Namur *chemin de contrebandiers*, the “smugglers’ road,” through the Brèche d’Oncet, leads into the very heart of the mountains, and ought to be chosen by pedestrians

who want to see the Ardennes rather than the hotels of the foot-hills. The *Hautes Ardennes* extend from Mézières to Liège, a distance of one hundred and twenty English miles, and their average elevation is that of the West-Pennsylvania Alleghanies or of the Northumberland Cheviots. Their geological structure, too, resembles that of the English border mountains, but their climate and vegetation are unlike those of any region of Great Britain. The everlasting rain makes the British mountain-forests damp and rank, and discolours the streams, many of the Scotch highland creeks being perennially coffee-brown, while the Ardennes are so entirely free from swamps that the streams often preserve their limpidity till midwinter. In summer-time the springy turf of the uplands;

the lichens on the rocks, and the moss under the old beech-trees are all as dry as a Brussels carpet; throughout the *forêtage* the tourist can encamp wher-

ever he finds a spring. Moreover, the highland forests are the grandest in Western Europe. The Netherlanders, especially the descendants of the Bata-



THE CASTLE OF BOUILLON

vian tribes, are passionate worshippers of nature, of fine trees and fine animals; their painters delight in the representation of rural scenery; in Holland every "lusthuys" is a park; unlike their Span-

ish rivals, the Netherlanders have improved instead of ruining their foreign colonies, and even in Flanders the landed proprietors have done all they could to preserve their forests under extreme



difficulties,—in an over-populated lowland, with tree-consuming ship-yards and fuel-consuming factories. But the Ardennes gave their nature-love a fair chance, and they have made the best of it. In the valleys around the châteaux of many Flemish nobles there are woods where for centuries the fuel-gatherers have confined themselves to windfalls, —i.e., fallen branches and decayed old trees; and the entire highland region still deserves its ancient name, —*la forêtage*, the woodland *par excellence*. In Belgium one-fifth of the whole area is

still occupied by wood, to one-eleventh in France and one-eighteenth in Spain.

Between Charlemont and Dinant the forest begins at an elevation of about five hundred feet above the valley of the Meuse. The Hautes Ardennes are not a single ridge, but a series of intricate mountain-groups, all wooded to the



CHÂTEAU WALZIN.

summit, except where here and there a bold sandstone rock lifts its head above the trees. One of these rocks is the famous Chaise au Diable,—the Devil's Pulpit,—twelve miles above Dinant, and rather below the main ridge, but with an altogether unrivalled round-view. As its name suggests, it is formed by a projecting cliff overhanging the Val de Lesse and overlooking the hill-country both south and east, up the Lesse as

far as Rochefort, and south to the Semoy highlands,

where the castle of the great Crusader towers above the village of Bouillon. To the west the view includes that very interesting corner of the Old World which Edward Trelawney called the cockpit of Europe. Wherever a great mountain-range fronts a great lowland, the plain at the foot of such mountains has generally been the scene of international tussles, because, as Guizot explains it, contending armies are hardly ever quite fairly matched, and the weaker party naturally seeks a *point d'appui*, and, consequently, avoids the open plains; but neither party likes to fight in the midst of the mountains, so they

have it out where mountains and lowlands join. Europe, in fact, has three such cockpits,—West Belgium, Lower Saxony, and the Lombardian Plains; but the Belgian one is the worst: in the corner between Flanders, Lorraine,

But, while the inhabitants of the cockpit country were often involved in the brawls of their neighbors, the mountaineers have always stood aloof, resolved to maintain their neutrality and local independence. In Julius Cæsar's time the Ardennes formed the boundary of Latin Gaul, and when the armies of Vespasian overran the Western Netherlands the Batavian insurgents maintained themselves in the hill-forests between Luxembourg and Namur, where every man's house had to be his castle, till their neighbors became the allies of the later Cæsars. During the Middle Ages, too, they held their own against many comers, and only the grim autocrat



WIERTZ'S HOUSE, NEAR DINANT.

and Champagne every acre of land is historic ground; within a radius of eighty English miles from the Chaise au Diable there are no fewer than nine different places where the hegemony of Europe has as many times been decided with iron and lead,—north, Oudenarde (1708), Ramillies (1706), Liège (1467); east, Longwy (1792) and Namur (1791); south, Mézières (1520) and Sedan; a little farther south, Rocroy (1643), where the great Condé defeated the Spaniards, and Châlons-sur-Marne (451), where Aetius overpowered the hordes of the terrible Magyar. I do not know if I should add Waterloo: it finished a campaign, but Napoleon's fate was decided at Leipsic: the bravado of the *cent jours* was an utterly hopeless undertaking. If he had won Waterloo and six following battles, his ruin would, after all, have been only a question of time. What the great army of 1813 could not achieve against Eastern Europe, the poor remnant could never hope to accomplish against the East, North, and West combined.

Cui Tagus et Ganges, Rhenus cui servit et Indus,

was too much for them; King Philip's Spanish veterans subdued the Ardennes up to the very summit-regions, but already under his successor the highlanders restored a practical autonomy, and in 1830 the influence of the Southern Deputies encouraged the Belgian Congress to annul the decision of the united European powers, who had annexed them to the kingdom of Holland. They have since enjoyed their liberty in peace; but in the Middle Ages, when every municipality had to fight out its own quarrels, this sturdy love of independence cost some of them very dear, as attested by the ruins of many châteaux and of several towns,—Dinant, for instance. The old coppersmiths of the Villa Dianæ carried their heads very high, and considered themselves more than a match for the Bishop of Liège in particular and the world in general: they quarrelled with the Counts of Hainault, defied the Duke of Limbourg, and answered the messages of their bishop in highly irrev-

erent terms. They built a special mountain-tower to aggravate the neighboring town of Bouvignes, and at last got into a difficulty with the Duke of Burgundy. They defied him openly, and when he threatened them, they hanged the mes-

senger. This time, though, they had mistaken their man. Charles the Bold invested the town with an army of forty thousand men, captured it, burned it utterly, and drowned the prisoners in the Meuse (1466). The town was re-



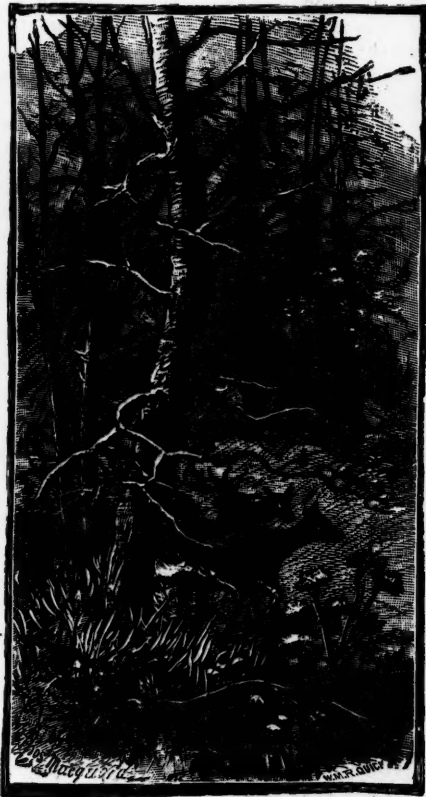
CAVES BESIDE THE MEUSE.

built; but in 1554 the French destroyed it once more, and plundered it in 1675.

Dinant is now a very small place, but its glorious surroundings make it well worth a visit. In a bee-line it is only twelve miles from the *Chaise*, and by a short *détour* to the left we can

reach the equally famous Roche-à-Bayard, where the road passes between the cliffs of the mountains and an isolated rock that rises from the river-shore like a cyclopean watch-tower. The engineers of Louis XIV. widened the opening to facilitate the passage of heavy artillery, but formerly the chasm be-

tween the rocks formed a narrow gap about forty feet above the water-level,—the Thermopylæ of the Upper Meuse,



DEER IN ARDEN.

for on the opposite shore the rocks are flanked by treacherous quicksands. On this road, says the legend, Charlemagne and his soldiers once pursued the four sons of Haymon, mounted, as usual, upon their miraculous steed Bayard. The soldiers came nearer and nearer, for on the narrow trail their small horses had the advantage; but when they reached the rock Bayard cleared the gap at one bound, and Charlemagne at once gave up the pursuit, for beyond the gap the trail widens into a broad high-road.

The Meuse here curves to the right, and by following its windings for a mile

and a half we reach the mouth of the Lesse, and, at the junction of the two rivers, the château de Walzin, whose situation rivals that of the Heidelberg Schloss,—a grand, ivy-mantled rock, rising abruptly from the water's edge, the buildings above embowered in shady trees, and the three sides of the main castle facing the gates of three river-valleys, with their towering cliffs and wooded heights. Walzin has made Dinant the Mecca of Belgian artists, and may have developed the genius of the painter Wiertz, whose house still stands in the neighboring village of Fonds de Leffe. Before that unpleasantness with the Duke of Burgundy, Dinant reached almost to the Lesse; there is not much room between the Meuse and the mountain-walls, and even nowadays many of the larger buildings rise directly from the shore, leaving barely room enough for a foot-path.

The Lesse is still rockier, but its valley forms the direct road to La Roche in the heart of the Ardennes, and Dinant is a good starting-point. The landlord of the Tête-d'Or has professional guides who will take you to any part of the highlands, camp with you in the wilderness, and board themselves, for six francs a day; tourists to La Roche can also utilize them as interpreters, for the *patois* of Belgian Luxembourg is more bewildering, though less guttural, than the jargon of the Pays de Vaud. The Lesse is a true mountain-stream: the steep limestone cliffs accompany it to its source, and there are lateral valleys where the hoe supersedes the plough as an emblem of agriculture, the banks forming slopes of at least twenty-five degrees, except where the vine-gardeners have constructed their *escaliers*, or artificial terraces. On the Lesse these *escaliers* are often blasted out of the solid rock to gain a basis for a stratum of manure and loam,—i.e., where the cliffs are not absolutely perpendicular; for sixteen miles above Dinant the banks

become a series of tremendous precipices, and the river itself one continued rapid. The valley at last gets too narrow for a wagon-road, and the pike turns off into the gorge of the Gavette, a small tributary whose windings take us back to the uplands of the *forêtage*. Hill-folks are proverbially poor, but in the Ardennes the forest protects them from downright starvation: there are no beggars: Eastern Belgium has never suffered an actual famine. No matter how the grain-crops succeed, there are always berries and nuts in the woods, trout in the streams, no lack of fuel, and fodder enough for the requisite number of milch-goats. The industries of the *Ardennais* are as manifold as the productions of their forest. They make baskets, wooden clocks and *sabots*, gypsum trinkets, and woollen shawls; there are herb-gatherers and professional bird-fanciers, mountain-guides, wood-choppers, hunters and poachers, and on the western frontier still a good many professional *contrebandiers*, though the new methods of the French revenue officers have made that business rather too risky for all but the poorest lads. Smuggling still pays, however, while other industries do not, at least in the American sense of the word. A man can't get "ahead" by chopping cord-wood at two francs a day, or shooting wild boars and carrying them on his shoulders over hills and ravines to sell them in the lowlands for two cents a pound. *Sabots* are twenty cents a pair, and they have a proverb that a hundred poor basket-weavers make one rich basket-dealer.

And yet the *Ardennais* are a light-hearted race. The soil of high mountain-regions produces plants which nowadays are found nowhere else, and morally, too, the highlands of every clime are characterized by products which formerly seem to have had a less exclusive habitat,—contentment,

confiding frankness, and, above all, an irrepressible good humor. These people have seen hard times, but never dull times: their gayety is hardship-proof. In midwinter one meets troops of children, dragging a sledgeful of wood to the next town, trudging bare-foot through the deep snow, yet shouting and laughing like a bacchanalian procession. Old age may sap the strength but not the good humor of an Ardennes highlander, nor the sources of his sympathy with the joys and sorrows of his fellow-men. "Mais écoutez donc, qu'est-ce qu'on fait dans la Pologne?" an old white-head once called after me, a decrepit old wood-gatherer whom I had asked about the distance to



OLD HOUSES, VIANDEN.

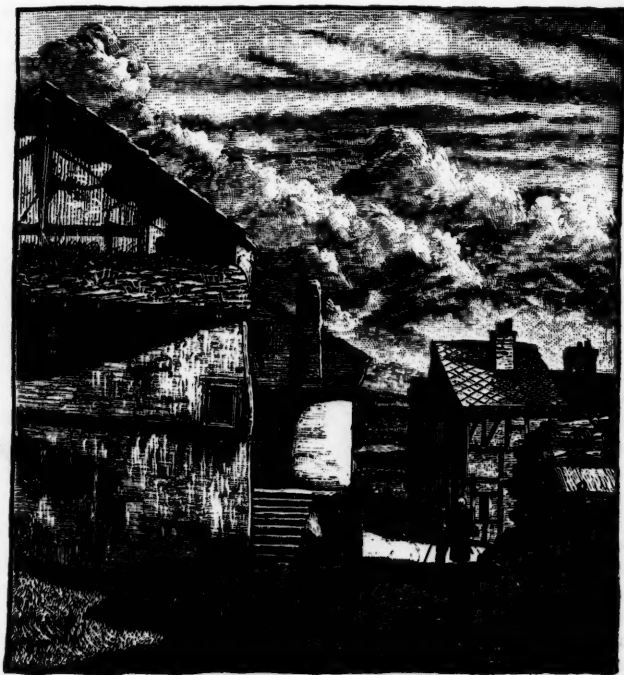
the next good spring. Wood-choppers spice their hard work with *vaudevilles*, and have a cheery word for every passer-by; the ragged youngsters one meets in the woods have a pretty way of shaking hands with travellers and relating their



little adventures; they see a friend in every stranger: in a merry world like this they cannot understand why people should think it worth while to plague each other.

Near the head-waters of the Lesse there are scattered chalets in valleys

where it is a sheer impossibility to raise cereals, and where the majority of the settlers are either basket-makers or herders. They keep goats and a few cows, but chiefly horses. In Belgium stock-raising has almost become a synonyme of horse-raising. Like the Cossacks of



GROUP OF OLD HOUSES, LA ROCHE.

the Volga, the Flemish farmer counts his wealth by the number of his horses; and for a long time the recruiting sergeants of foreign armies used to get their best-mounted troops from the Belgian frontier. The Belgian *bidets*, a peculiar breed of stout little ponies, make first-rate saddle-horses, but in the mountains a tourist is better off without them. I have done a good deal of rustication in my time, and I doubt if any other country can rival the Ardennes for pretty camping-grounds. The moss is dry and soft enough for a bed; cold springs abound, and all the Alps from Styria to Chamouni do not produce a

greater variety of wild-growing berries. Of raspberries alone there are three different kinds,—the black, the yellow, and the red: of the latter sort I have seen children gather a good-sized pail-full on the space of half an acre. After the 1st of October—in Luxembourg even sooner—there is no difficulty in getting a hunting-permit, and outside the regular game-preserves there is no better sport in any part of Europe, nor in any but the least accessible regions of our own game-law-less country. Besides roes and deer, there are thousands of wild hogs, and in the Chasse de St. Hubert, between Dinant and Libramont, also

wolves and wild-cats. Not more than a year ago a farmer of Stavelot shot a large black bear that had prowled around his stable and left its tracks in the snow, and in warm years winter guests of that sort are by no means rare, for the Vosges and Jura range connect the Ardennes with the Western Alps. The best boar-shooting is in the flat-woods of Paliseul; but Shakespeare's Forest of Arden, "where they live like the old Robin Hood of England and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world," must have been in the *forêt* between Dinant and Boix, a continuous beech forest, twenty miles wide, stretching along the Lesse and across its northern water-shed, till we reach the valley of the Ourthe and the Luxembourg Railroad. The forest of Arden is the paradise of beech-trees, as the Black Forest is of pines and the Hartz of oaks. "Of all our forest-trees," says Henry Thoreau, "the beech has the finest *in-step*,"—wide-spreading roots that form a sort of pedestal to the column-like trunk; and beeches make, on the whole, the finest "big timber" woods. Oaks, *en masse*, are apt to stunt each other, and pine woods lack the moss carpet and

the chequered shade of the greenwood trees. On the Ourthe there are groves where many of the larger trees have breathed the air of the seventeenth century. Travellers in quest of mediæval relics should not fail to visit the old town of Vianden and the Burg-land,—the "castle-country," as the Germans call the Luxembourg frontier, where every isolated hill is crowned by a castle or a ruin.

The valley of the Ourthe combines romance with railroads, and is a great resort for summer tourists. Most of them come from Spa; but non-invalids should make their headquarters at La Roche, a beautifully situated old town, with several comfortable and cheap hotels. La Roche is an antique place, with many ancient customs illustrating the conservatism of the Walloons, who regard the town as the representative city of their race. They still ring the curfew-bells, and from nine P.M. till sunrise the watchman announces the half-hours by a sort of war-whoop, the full hours by the still more startling emphasis of his fog-horn. The laundresses wash *al fresco* by soaking their linen in the river and pounding it with a *patton*, or flat wash-stone; nay,

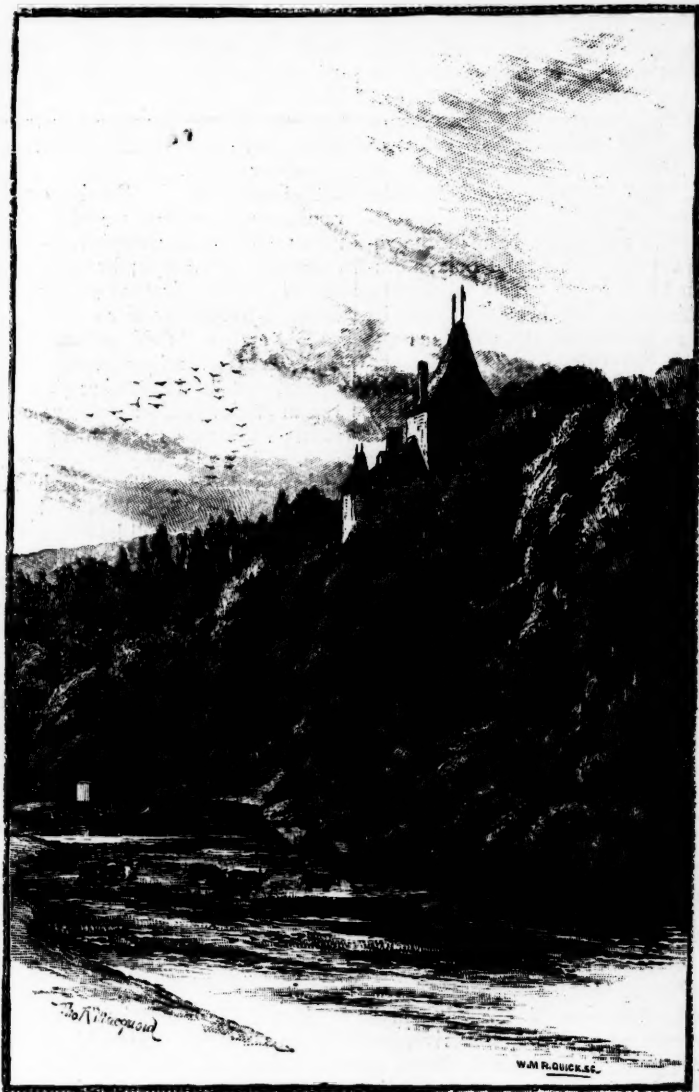


WASHING BY THE RIVER.

many of them scrub their children in the same way, only substituting river-sand for the *patton*. But the Walloons are proud of their old town and the mediæval curiosities of the neighborhood: they will entreat you to see the Burgthurm and King Pepin's Rock, or to take a trip to the castle of Remouchamps, with its vaults and wonderful grottos.

The Château Montjardin de Remouchamps was the residence of Marshal Vendôme before his last fatal campaign, and the neighborhood is still agog with anecdotes about the doings and sayings of the horrible old cynic. At the table of the Comte d'Amblève he often gorged himself till he could hardly rise from his chair; but at home he used to avoid that

difficulty by taking his meals in bed, and there were weeks when he did not leave his bed at all. Hunting-dogs of all sizes shared his couch, and he their insects, for his bedroom was rarely cleaned; but one of his servants who



CHÂTEAU MONTJARDIN DE REMOUCHAMPS.

once got sea-sick on entering that Augéan kennel was forced to don a sheepskin and bundle in with the dogs,—as a flea-conductor. Instead of underclothes

he used to wear a buckskin jacket, “to mitigate the bother of undressing,” and his toilet-requisites were supposed to consist of a jack-knife and a piece of bees

wax, though his servants had reasons to believe that he washed himself once a month, the weather permitting. Every one who visits Montjardin is shown the bullet-holes that disfigure many of the rooms,—pistol-shooting at blackbirds and swallows having been one of the in-door amusements of Monsieur le Maréchal. He was the bugbear of his pious neighbors, and the profanity of his conversation must have been something phenomenal indeed, if it could shock such fellows as Turenne and the Old Dessauer. Yet this same man, whom the Maintenon used to call a *cochon à deux bottles*, was a Mars on the battle-field, intrepid and indefatigable, and, in the opinion of Prince Eugene, "the one soldier who could have saved France if the petticoat-government had not thwarted him."

On the road from La Roche to Spa tourists often make a détour to the right to enjoy the view from the Point de Gruyon, a rock-summit overlooking the valley of the Ourthe and the two main chains of the Northern Ardennes,—i.e., the Meuse range and the highlands between La Marche and Verviers. The road turns off at Coo, and with every mile eastward and upward it is curious to notice how the country is getting more and more primitive. Coo is a railway-station, and the gardens, grass-plots, and promenades are fenced with iron railings; in the next hamlet there are only picket-fences, and farther up no fences at all; the orchards are open plantations along the hill-slopes; where the woods are full of sweet berries, the apples can ripen in peace. The road soon gets too rough for carriages, but you meet a truck-wagon now and then, or a bullock-cart, bound for Spa, where the driver has to sell his cord-wood cheap enough to compete with the railroads. Animals run at large; on the porch of the highland chalet goats encamp cheek by jowl with the barefoot children. The costume of the

peasant-girls, too, becomes less fashionable and more picturesque: short tunics and rosary-caps take the place of the straight-jackets and stiff *calottes* of the lowlands, and the red petticoats of the little berry-gatherers flit gayly between the green trees. The children of the Hautes Ardennes do not look as if they



PEASANTS FROM COO.

had the emigration fever, like the Paris-worshippers of Northern France: highlanders seem to know instinctively that there is no joy the city can give like those it takes away.

Eight miles above Coo the *forêtage* begins, and finer beech woods, with grander trees and less underbrush, it would not be easy to find west of the Caucasus. It is a mistake to suppose that such forests need much cultivation: the care they need is chiefly negative,—to spare a few larger trees here and there. Let an oak or a beech grow to

its full size, and it will soon crowd the undergrowth out of the way: even in the tropics thickets do not thrive in the shade of big trees.

The road now mounts by the side of a little rivulet that comes singing and dancing from the heights of the *forêtage*; but when we have passed the



BULLOCK-CART.

last chalet the grandeur of the woods becomes more gloomy, the ancient trees stand closer together, and the shriek of the hawk resounds as through a vault,



ARDENNES PEASANT GIRL.

Here is the scene of many a ballad and tradition and of many a feat of archery, and here, too, the Diana Ar-

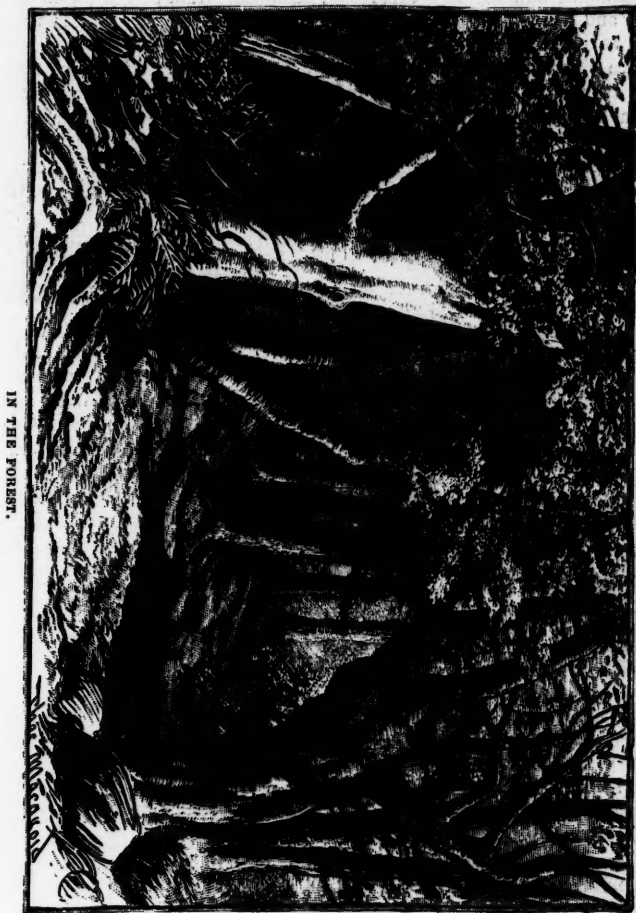
duennæ followed the chase in the "cold moon's gleamy glance," ere the *Grand Veneur*,—the Wild Hunter,—with his weird companions, usurped the dominion of the night. Higher and higher we climb, between rocks and gnarled trunks, till the path—for it is no longer a road—enters a narrow defile leading up to the Plateau de Gattes, the roof-like summit of a mountain that towers at least three hundred feet above the ridge of the central chain. Here the woods open, and the rocks recede and rise in a vast amphitheatre around a mountain-meadow that would have made a fit meeting-place for a council of the Batavian Druids. Dark firs cluster in the clefts of the rocks, but at the foot of the cliffs lies the freshest verdure, the fox-glove and the mountain-anemone bloom at your feet, and a golden wren flutters chirping from bush to bush. At the foot of the meadow there is even a little spring,—perhaps the highest source of the river we crossed at La Roche, for the rivulet below the plateau joins one of the eastern tributaries of the Ourthe.

But we must not linger here; a trail winds along the foot of the cliffs: that great rock at the brink of the western declivity is the Point de Gruyon. The ascent is at first rather steep, but from



the upper tier of the amphitheatre a few rough-hewn steps lead up to a pinnacle where Solitude has reared her throne,—a precipice below, and left and right and backward an endless chaos of woods and cliffs. To the west the view is bounded by an horizon that includes the entire

western mountain-system of Belgium and Lorraine. Your guide points out the Col de Havelange, Mont Orval, and the Heights of Houffalise. Spa is hidden by the Stavelot Hill, but that blue ridge beyond borders the valley of Malmédy, and the site of La Roche can be



IN THE FOREST.

located by the gap at the mouth of the Amblève. Nearer by, the forest hides all traces of human settlements, but from the valley of Coo comes now and then a distant and not unmusical chime of cowbells or the merry shout of the berry-pickers.

Yet all this woodland world is only a

small remnant of the ancient Arden. In Cæsar's time the *Sylva Arduenna* extended from the Scheldt to the Rhone, and from the Catalaunian fields (Châlons-sur-Marne) to the neighborhood of Cologne, while at present the forest is confined to one French and two Belgian mountain-ranges. If we except a few

scattered community-forests in Southern Luxembourg and the timber-plantations of Eastern Lorraine, we shall find that the great Sylvania has been reduced to one-twelfth of its former extent. For even between the main ranges many valleys have been entirely denuded; Western Luxembourg and the larger part of Limbourg and Hainault are as bare as the Dutch downs; the wild denizens of the woods have found a precarious refuge in preserve-parks; and so many of the old springs have failed that the stock-raisers have to resort to irrigation.

Still, it seems that the devastation has always been confined to the lowlands. A farewell look from the Point de Gruyon will convince us that on all the higher ridges the forest has held its own. In the foot-hills, the woods have gained or lost ground according to the varying price of coal; but the lower boundaries of the *forêtage*, the tall timber of the highlands, has remained unchanged from time out of memory. It has been the same in every country: the oaks of Bashan have perished and the cedars of Lebanon have survived. Even

in Spain the higher sierras are still *boscadas*,—forest-mountains. The summit-regions of Mount Atlas are densely wooded. Our reckless lumbermen have spared the Alleghanies. In Scandinavia all the upper fjelds are still covered with pine forests. It seems too troublesome to fetch fuel from a high mountain,—more troublesome than to dig it from a deep mine or to procure it even from more distant lowlands. Many of the Belgian lumber-dealers supply themselves in Normandy, and since the war the malcontent Alsatian nobles have no hesitation in selling their old parks for kindling-wood. In the plains of Eastern Alsace, where Charlemagne used to spear his best boars, there is now not cover enough for a rabbit; the eastern half of old Arden has almost entirely disappeared. But the remnant at least is safe. The lowlanders may shoot their last sand-rat and make their country as dry as a Russian steppe, but the sources of the Ourthe will never fail; the wood-squirrels of the *forêtage* can enjoy their lives in the assurance of an imperishable home.

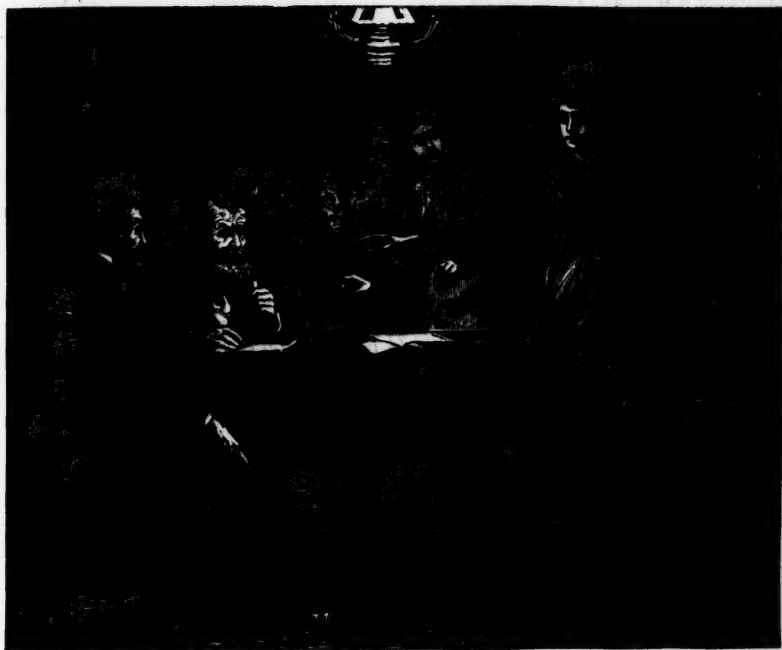
FELIX L. OSWALD.

## SORCERY.

FOR many years, with every grace and gift  
 He knew, to win her priceless love he sought:  
 All treasures of his heart and brain he brought,  
 With hands by one great hope made true and swift,  
 And cast all at her feet with love's unthrift.  
 Still in her heart the marvel was not wrought,  
 Still was she of life's sweetest lore untaught.  
 Another came,—and lo! a look, a lift  
 Of answering eyes, a something, nothing one  
 May give a name, and she hath learned unbid  
 What he had failed to teach with prayers and tears.  
 Who knows the secret of that look, that tone,  
 And who can tell the magic that is hid  
 In the one moment that outweighs long years?

CARLOTTA PERRY.

## THE VALCOURS.



"I AM OUT OF HIS POWER FOREVER!"—Page 562.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"MR. GAROCHÉ VALCOUR:  
DEAR SIR,—Let me ask your pardon for my delay in answering your letter. Since my great loss I have neglected both the courtesies and duties of life.

"I appreciate fully the honor you confer on me in the offer of your hand. But I can only answer, 'No.' I beg you will not reply to this note, nor speak again of love to me.

"With all wishes for your happiness, I am

"Yours truly,  
"EVA CHARENTON LEACOCK."

Poor little curt, awkward note! Written with the one desire to make it so firm, so final, that Garry should

know there was no appeal, Eva was unconscious of its bare simplicity and school-girl diction. She thought as little of its effect on her lover. She only knew that she was blind and wild with the woe that had fallen on her young life,—that she must quickly close that door of escape into Paradise which had opened to her, lest resolution and reason should fail and she should become the despicable creature Buena had held up to her scorn. Should she tell Buena what she had done? Ah, yes! end it all, now and forever.

So, one evening, as they bade each other good-night in the hall, each holding a flickering bedroom candle that lighted their girlish faces wanly, she said in a steady voice, "Buena, I have written to Mr. Valcour. You were

right in supposing that he had made me an offer of marriage. I have refused him."

"I think you have acted nobly, Eva," cried Miss Buena, with frank, unflinching blue eyes full on Eva's face. Then she held out her chubby hand, and Eva's slim fingers met it with a faint pressure.

"Good-night," they said with one voice; and the next instant the dear little hypocrites had closed their bedroom doors and were thankfully alone. It was none too soon for Buena. As if a mask had fallen, a face transformed

Fronted her silent in the glass.

Eyes gleaming, cheeks red, stormy and alive as a curling wave, in its rapid changes of expression, it was a face that David himself would scarcely have known.

"Down, down, my heart!" she whispered to her passionate image. "No weakness now. I must think,—plan." Then she plunged her head into a basin of cool water, and in a moment was her collected self.

"You must find it very dull here, Mr. Leacock," she suggested the next day to that gentleman.

"Dull! with two such charming young ladies in the house? Impossible!"

"I should think," she said, looking at him keenly, "that you would take Eva to some city and have a suitable establishment. She is able, you know, to live where she chooses; and that, naturally, should be where you choose."

"Hang it!" cried the Duke, "I wish you were my daughter,"—and, it may be observed, Mr. Leacock had studied Miss B. V. at intervals with tolerable closeness: "I know what to say to you; but I can't get on with that pale girl."

"You flatter me, indeed. But as to Eva,—she is very young. You might put her at school. If she stays here she will marry Mr. Valcour; and that would not suit you."

"No, perhaps not; though to my old friend Garry—after all, I should still have my allowance."

"Your allowance, yes; but have you

had nothing more all these years? Perhaps as a married woman your daughter would not have command even of her own money. Your very allowance might be stopped."

"You are a very sharp girl, very sharp indeed," said Mr. Leacock, stroking his chin. This was one of his sober days, and he felt much disposed to come to an understanding with Eva. He was impatient to be off, and impatient to be off with as large a sum of money as he could get.

As he sat meditating on Buena's hints, the door opened, and Eva came in. Seeing Mr. Leacock, she was about to draw back, but he called her. "Eva, my child," said he, "should you like to go to New York?—to see something of the world?"

"Not with you," she said steadily.

"Not with your father?"

"Not with you," she repeated.

Mr. Leacock had, in fact, not the remotest intention of taking Eva away with him. But it suited him to agitate her with this fear. He rose and brought a chair forward. "Sit down," said he, "and let us talk like sensible people. See here, now: what do you want most of anything in the world?"

The question touched the poor girl to the quick; she burst into a storm of sobs.

"Good God! don't do that! I didn't mean to make you cry. Come! I'll tell you what you want least. It is to have such a fellow as I in your house."

"You are my father," sobbed Eva. "I try to do my duty."

"Yes, yes. But I'm an Old Man of the Sea. You needn't deny it. It is hard lines for you. I'm a bad lot. Though I never did but one Wicked Deed. And, by Jove! I'm ashamed of that now. Wish I could undo it!" And the Duke tugged at his white forelock and looked gloomily at Eva.

"Do not tell me of it," she said, shrinking with evident repugnance.

"Well, let it pass. Now to business. You want—in plain words—freedom from me. I want—money. Now, child, make a bargain with me, as your

grandmother did before you." And Mr. Leacock laughed bitterly.

Eva looked up with a sudden eager attention.

"Yes," he went on, "I want a good round sum. Give me that, and I'll engage never to trouble you again."

"How much do you want?"

"Why, I have a friend in Texas who has just gone into a tremendous speculation,—caves—cat— Any number of fortunes in it. I would join him if I had a few thousands to put in,—say six thousand dollars."

"Let me think," said Eva, pressing her hands to her head; "let me think what to do."

"Take all the time you want, my dear," said the Duke, feeling the six thousand already in his grasp.

The next day, Miss Charenton left for New Orleans, with Maum Lucy as her attendant, saying that she should return in two days.

The very day of Eva's departure the Valcours came home. Garry had brought a strong pressure to bear on his parents, after receiving his sweetheart's letter. To tell the truth, he was not nearly so stunned by this document as might have been expected. Its very formality and ungraciousness made him suspect that Eva was not dealing frankly with him. He must see her face to face, and not even attempt to understand the strange little letter she had sent him. So he talked to his mother,—the confidante of his hopes and fears. She could not withhold her sympathy, though secretly rejoicing in Miss Charenton's rejection of her son as a fortunate termination of a deplorable affair. She readily agreed to hasten the general's home-going, but insisted that he should know nothing of Garry's tender interest in the matter. "If the girl will only hold her own," she thought, "the whole thing will blow over without ever getting to the general's ears."

But, alas! Fate had the matter in her hands. It was to get to the general's ears in a way little dreamed of by mother or son.

On the afternoon of their return

David had been dragged out by Mr. Leacock for a walk. As evil stars would have it, they had strolled through the Valcour grounds, and had just reached the gate as the carriage drove up containing the general and his family.

Mr. Leacock stopped short. Vain were David's efforts to coax him on.

The general alighted, to find Mr. Leacock standing within his very gate with outstretched hand.

"Welcome home, sir! welcome! Allow me to offer the hand of an honest Briton."

Mrs. Valcour, after one glance at her husband's purpling countenance, fled into the house.

The general, recovering from his half-paralyzed amazement, struck at Mr. Leacock with his walking-cane. It must be confessed, to be met almost at his own threshold by the man who had half murdered him was a strong provocation to a fiery temper.

"Sir," cried Mr. Leacock to Garry, "I appeal to you! You want to marry my daughter, sir! Then your father must mend his manners,—mend his manners."

"Father, come away," cried Garry.

But the old gentleman, leaning firmly on his stick, fixed his keen black eyes on Mr. Leacock and awaited his further remarks in portentous silence.

"You secondrel!" shouted Garry, infuriated, "get out of this! Do you expect either General Valcour or myself to have anything to say to you?"

"And why not? A little mistake in a medicine-bottle. And no harm done. The general restored to health. The general's son at the feet of my girl. What the devil, sir! Why didn't you let my girl alone, if the father was too much for you? I'm the cock of the walk now, I can tell you. By Jove! twenty years ago, if anybody had told Phil Leacock that the poverty-stricken son of a starved-out old Southern planter would have dared to look at a daughter of his, that man's life wouldn't have been safe!"

"And so, Garoché," said the general,



calmly, "you have done me the honor—in my absence—of proposing me as a father to this person's daughter?"

"I have done myself the honor," said Garry, with a calmness to match the general's own, "of proposing myself as a husband to Mr. Leacock's daughter."

"And she is the most beautiful, innocent, admirable young lady in the world," burst out poor David, beside himself with the ill-luck of this *rencontre*, and quite forgetful of the general's grudge against him.

General Valcour turned his flashing eyes on the excited little man. "And may I ask," he inquired, with vast politeness, "who is so kind as to interest himself to such an extent in the affairs of my family?"

Then David remembered. But he threw back his head with a ludicrous imitation of Garry's manner. "My name," said he, "is Church,—David Patman Church,—editor of the *Arnville Avalanche*."

If ever the sun looked down on wrath, it was then, as it blazed from the general.

The black coachman, who stood at a distance scarcely respectful, enjoying the scrimmage, declared afterward that "Ole mars' looked like the debble,"—and he jumped as if shot when the general, in a hoarse voice, said, "Open the gate, Jason."

The gate was flung open. General Valcour made an imperious gesture, actually lifting his walking-cane. "Out of here, all of you!"

Mr. Leacock threw himself into an attitude of self-defence. But he was weak in the knees, and yielded readily when David seized him by the arm and drew him through the gate.

"*You too!*" cried the general to his son; "*go with your friends!*"

It half seemed he would thrust him forth with his own hands. But, with a cry of mingled rage and pain, the young man sprang out into the road.

The Duke laughed weakly, and, leaning against the closed gate, cheerfully piped,—

Wire, brier, limber look,  
Three geese in a flock,  
O-U-T spells Out.

Then he staggered after David and Garoché, leaving General Valcour master of the field.

The general strode into the house still panting with his wrath. In the white heat of his indignation he poured out every detail of the scene to Mrs. Valcour. The rare tears rose to her eyes and flowed over her cheeks.

"What a home-coming!" she murmured. "Oh! my poor Garry!"

"Never speak his name to me!" said he violently. "A fellow that chooses such friends and associates is not fit to call himself a Valcour."

Mrs. Valcour knew her husband too well to attempt an argument when he was in this mood: so she contented herself with sending a portmanteau of clothes and a loving note to the Arnville inn, where she supposed her son had gone for the night.

The young man spent his evening alone at the inn, consoled in the midst of his pain and humiliation by the thought that now he understood Eva's rejection of him, and happy in his dream of yet winning that delicate, sensitive heart. How she must have suffered, poor child! how natural that she should refuse him in the first horror of finding out her father's real character! What eloquence he would need to persuade her that nothing, nothing could come between his love and her! So, feeding on passionate hopes, he passed the night, and the next morning hastened to the cottage.

Miss Church was at home, the servant who came to the door informed him, but Miss Eva was in New Orleans.

Buena came in, fresh and bright as a daisy, smiling with childlike delight, innocently extending both hands to her friend. What a nice little thing she was! thought Garry, even in the midst of his perturbation.

"But what does this mean?" he cried, the greetings ended: "Eva in New Orleans, and Leacock here!"

"Oh, she wrote for him about the

time you left. And, as for the trip to New Orleans, dress-makers and milliners were to be consulted."

"At such a time she could think of that!"

"She is the greatest heiress in the State," said Buena vivaciously, "the rich Miss Charenton. And I assure you she is not indifferent to the fact. She could buy us all out in Arnville twenty times over."

Cunning speech! Garry's color mounted high: "And she is consoled, then, for her grandmother's death?"

"I never thought her nature a very deep one," said Buena, as if in apology, "and she has so much to think of in planning her future. She is to live with the Converses in New Orleans,—very elegant people, I understand. She says Mrs. Convers will make a charming chaperon; and I believe they propose going abroad for a few years."

"And her father?"

"Ah, that father! How infuriated Eva was when she found how she had been imposed on! She proposed to buy him off. Money, she says, will do anything."

Was it Eva? this frivolous, mercenary girl of whom Buena spoke so naturally? Poor Garry! "You know, I suppose, of her answer to my letter?" he said in a low voice.

Quick tears sprang to Buena's blue eyes; her face was full of pain. "Yes," she said, hesitating slightly; "though she made no confidences. When your letter first came she said she did not know that she should answer it at all."

"It was no insult," said Garry, flushing hotly,— "the offer of an honest affection."

"It was an honor," said Buena with emotion, "such as she will never have again, not if a prince seeks her for her fortune."

"When does she get back?"

"I do not know. But—frankly—it would only pain you to see her. She is sadly changed."

Garry rose; a bitter smile crossed his face. "Everything is changed!" he said. "My next step may as well be

into the Gulf of Mexico! My father has turned me out of doors, you know."

Buena laid her hand impulsively on his. "Oh, surely that can be made right!" she cried.

"I do not know how," said the young man haughtily. "My father has insulted me, and I can never degrade myself by explanations."

At his words the bright-witted angel that had guided Miss B. V. so far on her perilous way whispered a suggestion that made her start with its boldness. She actually wished Mr. Valcour gone, that she might act upon it. "I cannot ask you," she said, "to come to see me while I am here. But we shall be in our own home soon; and you will come? You will not hate me," and a piteous little smile curved the rosy lips, "because I have been concerned in all this unhappiness?"

"Hate you, my dear little friend! You shall see how warm a guise hate can wear! I will come to see you, but not here. I shall never see Miss Charenton again."

Garry fairly out of the house, Miss Church danced to her room, where she made the most careful toilet of her life. A few moments later General Valcour was informed that a young lady wished to see him.

"To see my wife, you mean."

"No, sir; she said very pertikeler dat she wanted to see de gineral alone."

"Humph! humph! Very singular!"

In the library, awaiting him, sat a plump little girl with short red curls and a babyish, bright face. She was very pale, but she looked so young and timid that the general greeted her with paternal kindness. "General Valcour," she said, in a voice not quite steady, "I have come to speak of your son."

The general reddened, but assumed an air of courteous attention. It must be confessed some dreadful suspicions entered his mind. "I hope," he said loftily, "that you have no cause of complaint against any one bearing the name of Valcour."

"I think," she said, with a smile, "no one in the world has cause of complaint

against Mr. Garoché Valcour,—except his father."

"Damned impertinent meddling!" This is what the general thought; but he said, "Pardon me, Miss—" here he paused for a name, his eyes fixed meditatively on a portrait over the piano, "but, really, the affairs of General Valcour and his son only concern themselves."

"Pardon me, general, but if a disinterested person has a knowledge of facts that would materially alter the aspect of affairs,"—and she paused for breath,— "is it not that person's duty to present them to Mr. Valcour's father?"

"It is the part of Mr. Valcour's son to present these facts."

"Suppose he is prevented by a promise?"

The general was curious in spite of himself.

"For instance," continued the odd little unknown, "in that affair a few months ago with Mr. Church of the *Avalanche* you were very angry because your son—as you supposed—did not properly resent an insult offered to you. What would you say to know that he both challenged and—horsewhipped the editor, and then, at the entreaty of the man he had whipped, gave a promise not to betray his humiliation?"

"What! what! Is this true? Did Garry do this?"

"He did, General Valcour."

"What a wrong I did the lad! What a wrong!"

"And a greater wrong," said the young girl vivaciously, "when you thrust him from your gate without hearing his side of the story,—which is simply that he fell in love with Miss Leacock, in ignorance of her parentage, while she was under the protection of her grandmother, a lady as elegant as Mrs. Valcour herself."

"That is nothing; that is neither here nor there—"

"Wait one moment, please. If you had sought his confidence you would have learned that he was refused by Miss Leacock and had no intention of renewing his offer."

"God bless my soul! this is all very extraordinary!"

"Are you not rather hasty at times, General Valcour?" asked his visitor demurely, with a dimple showing in her pretty cheek.

"My dear child," cried the general, "I am deeply indebted to you. Command my services—"

She raised her hand. "You are too hasty again, General Valcour," she said sadly: "you do not know who I am."

"But you will tell me?"

With what dignity, pride, and spirit came the response, "I am David Church's sister."

The poor old general! His mind, never swift in action, was in a queer turmoil now. But one thought was clear,—that he could not show hospitality enough to "David Church's sister." He rang the bell. "Fetch some wine and biscuits," he said to the servant, "and ask your mistress to come in at once."

Buena was puzzled and a little frightened. But she bore herself calmly as the general with warm cordiality presented her to his wife. Mrs. Valcour devoted herself with matchless courtesy to her guest. Buena, a little lion before the general, was a very shy young girl in presence of the gentle *châtelaine* of Valcour Hall. Mrs. Valcour took her to the garden, where the peacocks spread their iris tails in the sun; to the top of the house, for the view; and through the long picture-gallery, innocently asking if she were fond of pictures. Buena turned white at the question and shot one of her keen glances at Mrs. Valcour, not knowing that the sweet lady loathed a personality as she did a spider. As quickly as possible she made her adieux, and Mrs. Valcour turned to her husband, curiosity and interest in her beaming eyes: "Now, now, *mon général*, tell me what it all means."

The general was eager enough to relate all that had passed, and succeeded in conveying to his wife a much clearer idea of their young visitor and her motives than he himself had re-

ceived. She knew how to read between the lines, the gay little Frenchwoman! "Brave B. V.!" she cried; "stout little heart!"

"B. V.?"

"Oh, her name is Buena Vista," she said, laughing softly; "I know all about her. Now let me tell you my part of the story." She went back to that old time, with its wounds,—the time General Valcour had never hoped to recall but with a sore heart. B. V.'s part in the comedy was sketched with Mrs. Valcour's light humor, and proudly the mother bore testimony to the loyalty of her boy that had remained unshaken in the face of such irritating temptation. Hand in hand, sympathetic and joyous as young lovers, the husband and wife talked together for a happy hour. "Ah, my husband," cried the lady, "what do we not owe that brave girl? Think what a sacrifice of pride she made! And how plucky, as Garry would say,

To beard the lion in his den!

She is nice, too; she is bright, she is pretty. Shall we not be kind to her, *mon général*?"

"Suzanne," he said in a tone of solemnity, "you shall call on Miss Church, you shall invite her to dine."

"With her brother?"

"With her brother," said the general, with a great gulp.

The little lady clapped her hands.

"And now," he said, regarding her with a tender smile, "and now I am going—"

She leaned forward with shining eyes. She stopped his words with a dozen kisses. "Yes! yes!" she whispered between them, "you are going to Arnville to fetch our boy home!"

In the late twilight, as Buena gathered roses, father and son rode by together. Both gentlemen bowed low, and Buena felt a great throb of joy, even though Garry's sad glance shot beyond her to an upper window from which the Peri's face had once looked to see

#### CHAPTER XV.

INTO Buena's hour of triumph a spectral figure intruded. Eva came back from New Orleans.

So hollow-eyed and haggard-cheeked

that her very beauty seemed hopelessly gone. She said nothing of the object of her journey until evening. They were all assembled in the dining-room; the servants had withdrawn.

"Excuse me for one moment," said Eva, rising; "and please wait here, all of you, until I return." She came back with a small velvet bag, which she unlocked, drawing from it a square package. "There are six thousand dollars in this package," she said.

Joy leaped to Mr. Leacock's eyes. His fingers closed spasmodically.

"But, my dear Eva," cried Buena, "did you bring so large a sum from New Orleans *yourself*? And in that bag? I should have been frightened to death."

David said nothing, but listened in a painful agony of apprehension. All this, he felt, boded no good to his Peri.

"Some days ago," said Eva, addressing Buena and David, "my father told me that he was in need of a large sum of money. He said if I would give it to him he would release me of all obligation toward him, and would go away out of my life, never to trouble it again."

"Somewhat roughly stated, my dear," said Mr. Leacock, "but in the main correct."

"I went to New Orleans, and got the sum my father had specified—six thousand dollars—from my bankers. Then I had an attorney draw up a paper stating the conditions on which the money should be given. Here it is.—I will trouble you to sign it, father."

Mr. Leacock, who would have signed away his soul if it had been worth a purchase, drew the paper toward him and scratched his name, wondering at the time if Eva was so simple as to think he should regard that ceremony when his pockets were empty again.

Eva counted out the notes. "You

Her prince ride by in his idle way.

are witnesses," she said, "that I place this sum in Mr. Leacock's hands."

He fingered the crisp notes caressingly; ineffable satisfaction beamed in his sunken eyes.

Eva leaned back in her chair, and something like a sigh of relief broke from her lips.

"My dear girl," said Mr. Leacock, "I leave you at your desire. But never forget that a father's love is yours whenever you choose to claim it."

Eva roused herself. "Perhaps it will be offered less readily," she said, with a curling lip, "when you hear that I am no longer 'the rich Miss Charenton.'"

"What do you mean?"

"I shall have to earn my own bread, I suppose.—Perhaps, Buena, you can get me a situation in Neophagen Seminary?"

Buena started with alarm and looked at Eva, half fearing that her mind was thrown from its balance. But no: she sat there composed, smiling.

"Except for what the sale of this cottage may bring me," she said, "I am penniless."

"But your grandmother's fortune?"

"Was left—conditionally."

"I heard nothing of that," said Mr. Leacock hoarsely.

"I had meant to tell you," cried Eva,—"to explain to you why I could not share my fortune with you as I should have wished to do, to convince you how earnestly I would try to make it up to you in other ways, by having you in my home, and, if possible, evade the will by giving you a salary as secretary, or something of the kind,—at any rate, to pay your bills and surround you with luxuries ostensibly mine. Oh, I had planned it all! For your sake I would have been false in spirit, if not in letter, to my poor grandmother, who had striven so hard to free my life from the baleful influence of yours. But you came. You brought your vices too near. You had no respect for the roof that sheltered you, or for the simple-hearted child who had made you the idol and hero of her life. My mother's memory awoke no tenderness in your soul: all you cared

for was money. Well, you have your money; but you can get no more."

Eva was terrible. Her scorn was like a fiery blast. Mr. Leacock shrank with a look of terror, but made a violent effort to recover himself. "This is all Greek," he said roughly. "Why shouldn't you do what you wished with your own money?"

"My grandmother's fortune was left to me under the condition that if I gave my father any money beyond the allowance fixed by herself, the entire fortune should be forfeited and should go to an orphan-asylum in New Orleans, except this cottage, which was to be mine in any case."

"And, knowing this," cried David, "you have been so mad as to give him this money?"

"Yes!" cried the girl passionately; "and I am out of his power forever. I never should have been so long as I had money, for I have no faith in his promises,—none. Ah! you may all look at me as if I were an unnatural daughter. I tell you not one instinct of my nature pleads for that man. I could drain my veins of their blood because it is the same as his. I am willing to be poor, willing to be friendless, only to be clear from the shadow of his shameful life."

Was it the Peri who was speaking? this hard, bitter woman?

"I won't have this money," said Mr. Leacock. "I refuse it."

"It is too late: you have accepted it in the presence of witnesses."

Miss Charenton left the room as she ceased speaking. Evidently there was no more to be said.

"She has overreached me, the insane little idiot! She ought to be locked up."

Then Buena broke into her ringing laugh, and spoke for the first time. "Ah, my poor Mr. Leacock!" she cried, "you have killed the goose that laid the golden egg!"

Buena was walking in the garden the next day, when Mr. Leacock joined her. He was smoking, and appeared entirely sober.

"I have lost a point," he said ab-



ruptly; "but you don't *begin* to know the hand I hold."

"Bah!"

"It's a fact. And I've half a mind to show it to you."

"Too much honor."

"I can't help liking you," said Mr. Leacock; "though I have watched you. I know what a double-faced little vixen you are."

"How *dare* you?" flamed Buena.

"Don't take offence," said Mr. Leacock amiably. "I'm just as bad as you."

If a look could have killed, the Duke would have fallen among the vases.

"Buena Church," he went on emphatically, "I've got a secret worth knowing,—if you will make common cause with me?"

"How can I make common cause with a villain like you?"

"Villain yourself!" retorted the Duke.

"You might marry me, my dear."

Poor Buena! Why was there no painter to fix that little breathing image of fury!

"If I were a man, I would kill you!" she panted. And, turning, she fled into the house.

"Well, well!" philosophized the Duke.

"Rum creeturs is women! Wonder what Eva will say to my offer!" He strolled into the dining-room, where David and Eva were talking earnestly together. "Eva," he said, "excuse my troubling you with my presence. But I've something serious to say. As you remarked last night, I am a man in need of money."

"Money!—still money! Have I not given you—"

"A very respectable nest-egg. But it will bear laying to. Now, let me put a case to you. Suppose that I could restore your forfeited fortune, make your marriage possible with young Valcour, and take myself forever out of your sight, —honor bright this time, —what would all this be worth in hard—or soft—money?"

"You cheat!" cried Eva; "do you think I can be deceived by you? Your words are an insult. I shall remain in my room while you are in the house."

Mr. Leacock shook his head, as she went out, in plaintive bewilderment. "This is the second one I've put to flight," he said. "There's nothing for it but to offer my wares at another market."

"Offer them here," said a voice. And David Church stepped forward, striking himself on the chest. The little man had followed closely all that Mr. Leacock had said. The fellow might be in earnest. Was not this his own golden hour,—his one chance of serving the beautiful stricken lady of his worship?

"Pooh! pooh!" said Mr. Leacock. "You've no money."

"What's the price of your secret?" said David, striving to be cool and business-like.

"Well, say five thousand. I'm sick of the whole business."

"Five—thousand! You've lost your reason."

"Not a bit of it. Think what I can do. Give Miss Leacock back her fortune, win General Valcour's consent to his puppy's addresses, and leave her with never a pang in her foolish little heart as to any failure of duty toward her scapegrace father."

"I do not see how all this is to be accomplished."

"That's the secret," said the Duke, with a grin.

"*But*," said David sharply, "if it could be, I'm the man that will pay your price."

"Humph! Editing a paper must be worth while in this country."

"I have some three thousand in bank. My life is insured for five: so I can readily borrow two."

"And you would beggar yourself," said Mr. Leacock, regarding him curiously, "for this haughty minx, who treats you as if you belonged to a lower human stratum than herself?"

"I would give not merely this paltry money, but years of my life, to see that poor young lady what she was before her grandmother died and you came into her life."

"Well, well, well!" And the Duke shook his head again. "Who would

have thought it? I'll take you, David."

"Then tell me now—now."

"Oh, no, my boy! This is business. It can't be done in a jiffy. First of all, I must go to New Orleans."

"For what?"

"That's not your affair; but I don't mind telling you it's to see the old lady's will. I'll go into Arnville now, and catch the evening packet. Good-by, Dave. I can't help thinking you're a fool, you know; but maybe it's totted down somewhere to your score."

He held out his hand, and David, in spite of his old pride in the hand of Douglas, felt constrained to accept that of the unabashed scoundrel.

Buena, in the mean time, had been regretting her fit of temper. Mr. Leacock might have had something to tell worth the hearing. She composed herself at last, and came down-stairs prepared for an amicable interview, to be met by the news that Mr. Leacock was just off for New Orleans.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

"A GENTLEMAN to see Miss Eva," announced Maum Lucy a few days afterward.

Eva took the card, and smiled like her own self. "It is Mr. Convers," she said to Buena. "Now what a scolding I shall have!"

The interview was long, but Eva did not tell Buena what had been said. It left her with reddened eyes, and Mr. Convers, with an expression of great irritation, betook himself to the Valcour place. He was met by a warm welcome, as they were friends of a lifetime. "Couldn't leave this part of the country without saying how d'ye do," he said cordially.

"Come now, Mr. Convers, we must have a real visit from you. It has been a long time since you slept under our roof."

"Not now, Suzanne; not now. I only ran out on a business matter,—to see a little neighbor of yours, Eva Cha-

renton. Why, the child has just committed an act of folly that ought to put her in an insane asylum."

The general stiffened rigidly, but Mrs. Valcour's face assumed an expression of intense curiosity: "Do tell us about it, Mr. Convers."

"Well, you know, she has a disreputable black sheep of a father. He made a descent on her, it seems, before old Mrs. Charenton was cold in her grave,—thought he had got into a rich thing,—demanded money. Well, he badgered and bullied that poor girl until she was half distracted; finally offered to leave her alone if she would give him six thousand dollars. She came to New Orleans and called on me. Through a mere chance, I did not see her,—was absorbed in a knotty case, and had given orders that I should not be disturbed. Then, foolish girl! she sent her name as 'Miss Leacock,' instead of Eva Charenton, and I had actually forgotten the name. She went to her bankers; they honored her check, and she put the whole sum into Leacock's hands."

"It was imprudent," said Mrs. Valcour: "still, if she can afford it, I see nothing so fatal in the matter."

"Well, it is fatal," cried Mr. Convers, "for Mrs. Charenton, foreseeing this very thing, left a will taking the whole fortune out of her grandchild's hands if she should give anything to Leacock beyond the allowance she has furnished him for some fifteen years."

"And she knew this?"

"Certainly. Threw away a fortune as coolly as if it were a worn-out glove! It will cost me a fit of illness; it will, indeed. I feel responsible."

"I am sure you need not," cried Mrs. Valcour. "But have you seen the young lady? What does she say?"

"Oh, she is as stubborn as a saint! I thought the will might be broken. We could make out a case,—undue influence, etc. Bring her into court, and there isn't a jury in the land but would give her back the fortune. But no! my young lady is in the heroic mood,—doesn't mind poverty, doesn't mind

anything! Will teach, will go into a convent—"

"What a pity that she had not had some friend to advise her from the beginning."

"Exactly! And that's why I blame you, Suzanne."

"Blame me!" cried Mrs. Valcour faintly.

"Certainly. Here was the poor little thing at your very gates, and it seems you have never been near her."

"We have been away—" began Mrs. Valcour, but the general broke in impetuously: "Mine was the fault, Convers, if fault there was. She was a most objectionable young person, and my son wished to marry her."

"Objectionable! Eva Charenton! Why, she is the loveliest girl in Louisiana! A little sentimental, perhaps; but that wears off. And her fortune was superb."

"We Valcours do not marry for money, but we demand good blood."

"Well, good heavens! her grandmother was one of the Ruths of Louisiana. Where is any purer strain?"

"Oh, Mr. Convers, you know it is that dreadful father!" cried Mrs. Valcour impatiently.

"Leacock's blood is good enough: he comes of a good old English family. The fellow himself has gone to the dogs, but he might have been paid off and muzzled."

"Convers," said General Valcour, "I should rather have seen my son dead at my feet and know the race of Valcour extinct than to receive the daughter of such a man as one of us. She may be a good girl—"

"Miss Charenton," said Garry, coming forward from the next room, "is more than good. She is an exquisitely bred and accomplished Southern lady. She is as innocent as a child, and more beautiful than any one I have ever seen. Any man would be favored in winning her, any family *honored* in receiving her."

"Garry," cried his mother, "we all beg your pardon. We did not know you were within hearing."

"And you gave up this charming creature," said Mr. Convers, "to please your people? Humph! not much of the Lochinvar spirit left in the youth of the day. We were not so obedient when I was a lad."

"I had the honor," said Garry, in the same measured tones, "of making Miss Charenton an offer of marriage, which she declined."

"Hum—hum—things seem to be wrong generally. Never mind, Garry; come to see her when she gets to my house in New Orleans, and perhaps we will straighten them out. She is to live with us, fortune or no fortune. You need not make eyes at me, general. I'm an old soldier like yourself,—been under fire before now. But it's love, love, love that makes the world go round. I'm all for love myself." And the chatty old gentleman laughed as he drew on his gloves. "Well, Garry, are you going to drive me to the station?"

"There will be plenty of time after tea, Mr. Convers," said Mrs. Valcour hospitably: "Garry's horses go like the wind. And, indeed, you won't be allowed to leave until you have broken bread with us."

Night had fallen when they set out. The air was murky, and flying clouds presaged a storm. They had not driven far before a gust of wind put out the lanterns.

"No matter," said Garry: "the horses know every step of the way, and the road is good."

"Let me drive," said Mr. Convers.

"They are pretty fresh. It is all I can do to hold them."

"My wrists are strong. I shall enjoy handling the reins."

So Garry resigned them. How glad he was afterward!

"They go magnificently," cried Mr. Convers; "glorious beasts!—Halloo! out of the way, there!"

A dark object had risen from the road, almost under the very noses of the horses. Mr. Convers made an ineffectual effort to throw them on their haunches; they plunged violently forward. Garry caught the reins

and pulled with wrists of steel. They stopped, trembling. But the mischief was done.

Both gentlemen leaped from the buggy. A light was struck. A figure lay, face downward, in the road. Garry lifted the head, and a cry broke from his lips: "My God! It's Leacock!"

"Where is the nearest house?"

"The cottage."

"Let us get him there. Jason can ride on for a doctor."

A litter was hastily improvised, and their burden borne, with an accompaniment of groans, to the cottage. Fortunately, David was below-stairs, alone: so the injured man was got into the house without alarming its more delicate inmates. It was not long, however, before both girls knew that Mr. Leacock had been brought back, probably to die. The doctor found them both at his bedside when he reached the cottage. After a brief examination, he pronounced the patient's case hopeless, but added that he would stay with him during the night watching his symptoms.

"There will be an inquest, or something of the kind," whispered Mr. Convers to Garry: "of course I will stay until all is over."

The poor old Duke lay in a stupor through the night. Toward morning he roused, gazing around him with a vacant air. Eva knelt by the bed, sobbing convulsively. Buena stood beside her, supporting her head, whilst her own wide, frightened eyes were fixed on the suffering man. The doctor, alert in spite of a sleepless night, lost no time in giving a stimulant, and gradually a look of intelligence crept into his eyes. "What does it mean?" said he huskily.

"You have been badly hurt," said the doctor.

He lifted his hand painfully to his head: "Is it life—or death?"

There was no answer.

"I see! I see!" he muttered. "To go off like this is hard! I hadn't looked for it. How did it happen?"

He looked at David, and, after a glance at Mr. Convers and Garoché,

David explained, without mentioning their names.

"Yes, yes! I remember! I can see the brutes now, rearing like demons! All because of that cursed peach brandy. It was that made me fall in the road like a broken-legged bull on a railway-track. And I was coming back with a strong hand to play. I saw the will, David."

Mr. Convers bent his head with keen attention.

"For God's sake, man," cried David, "if you can do what you said,—that night, you know,—do it now, before you go where you must give account."

"That's all very well,—for me to go off, like the villain in the play, leaving you all to be happy, when you've killed me among you. If Eva or Buena had listened to me, or Convers had been at home; if—if—"

Eva threw back her hair and bent over him. "Oh, never mind all these things now," she cried, in piercing tones. "We have been harsh and cruel,—I most of all. But forgive us, and think of your soul. Pray, pray, pray, dear father, while there is breath for prayer! It is not too late. Father, father, for my mother's sake, for her love's sake! Remember how she loved you! Think how she weeps in heaven for you! Oh, pray, pray!"

In the agony of her supplication it seemed that her own spirit must exhale to heaven. Her slight form swayed as if she would faint. Garry sprang forward and caught her before she could fall. Like a child she resigned herself to the clasp of the arms evermore to be her shelter. Buena bent one long gaze upon them, and with a low moan sank to the floor.

Mr. Leacock raised his hand to his eyes, and withdrew it—wet. "Look at that!" he said, wonderingly regarding the tear that glistened on the great trembling hand. "Never mind about me, Eva: my book is made. But you shall be happy." His eyes turned to Garry with a twinkle of humor. "Valcour," said he, "do you remember the Wicked Deed?"

"Yes," said Garry, who thought his mind wandering.

"How you Blades devilled me about that!" He smiled faintly.

"I mean to tell it *now*," he said. He was silent a moment, then spoke with apparent irrelevance: "I saw the will, and it was just as I had expected. If Eva Leacock should give to her father, Philip Hamilton Leacock—"

"Yes, that is the wording," said Mr. Convers.

"To her father, Philip Hamilton Leacock— Prop my pillows higher." The light shone full and strong on his shaggy head and large sunken features. The energy of twenty years ago was in his voice. "Come here, Eva Leacock," he said harshly; "take my hand,—it will be for the last time.—Now look at us," he said, in a strong, full voice. As he spoke, he drew the girl's face—the exquisite high-bred face, with its regular, beautiful features—nearer to his own, and swept the room with a glance of scorn. "Can't you see I'm not her father?" he said quietly.

With a wild scream Eva flung herself into Garry's arms and clung to him like a mad creature: "Oh, my love! my love! my love! I knew he was not my father!"

"Eva, be calm.—For God's sake, Convers, speak to him!" cried Garry, white to the very lips.

"Stimulate him!" cried David, who saw that the sick man had fallen back on his pillows white and exhausted, as though the delivery of his long-kept secret were to cost him his life.

Wine was given plentifully, and Mr. Convers leaned over him. "You have said a very serious thing," he said quietly. "Who is this young lady who you say is not your daughter?"

The man's lips formed a word that sounded but faintly through the room: "Asses!"

"Well, damn it, sir!" cried David Church, not in the least conscious of what he was saying, "speak out!"

"Who is she?" came in a faint whisper from the bed. "Why, Phil Leacock's daughter, to be sure. Phil was

a good fellow. I knew him in Egypt. He died there."

"And who are you?"

"The son of a gentleman," he said quickly. "For the rest, what matter? What matters it at the end? Nor fame nor shame can scale a church-yard wall."

"Let him rest," said the doctor, "or he will die under your questions."

"No," said Eva suddenly; "give him more wine; make him speak."

A moment's pause, and the story came brokenly: "Phil and I were friends,—chums. I was the greater vagabond of the two: but he was no saint. He fell ill. I nursed him at the peril of my life: I swear it. He charged me with messages and letters to his wife. Before he was buried, news came that she was dead; then a letter offering to pay Phil's debts and give him five hundred a year if he would give up the child and all claim. That put it into my head."

"Oh, my poor grandmother!" moaned Eva.

"It was easy enough. Phil knew very few people in America. His family had cast him off. It was only to hold my tongue and take the money. Money, money! root of all evil!—the *want* of it is the root of all evil."

Mr. Convers's voice called him back from the land into which he seemed drifting: "You are aware that this story must have proofs?"

"Write to the Leacocks in England. Get picture,—Phil's picture. Eva is like him. And my papers tell the rest. You will find it all true."

"And this is the secret you wanted to sell?" cried David. "Of course, if it was proved you were not her father, then she had given no money to her father, and her fortune was restored."

"Precisely.—You wouldn't listen to me, Eva; but David Church, there, offered all he had, just for the chance of benefiting you. He is a friend; but beware of that sister—"

"Silence!" cried Eva; "she is my friend! my sister!" And Eva turned toward Buena a splendid glance of love, to be met—ah, heaven be praised!—



with a look of passionate gratitude. At that moment poor little baffled B. V. knew that her secret would never be revealed to Garoché Valcour.

General and Mrs. Valcour had been sent for. They came in very quietly, and Mr. Convers briefly put them in possession of the state of affairs. The general rubbed his head, feeling that time would be needed before he could take all this in. Warm-hearted Mrs. Valcour at once declared her intention of taking both the girls home with her. Buena shrank from her invitation. "Let Eva go," she said faintly; "please excuse me, Mrs. Valcour."

"I will not excuse you, my child. Come; this is no place for either of you."

As they were about leaving the room, the Duke opened his eyes. "Eva," said he, "you are going? Good-by, child. I should like to hear you say, 'I forgive you.'"

Eva stopped, but did not offer to approach the bed. "Good-by," she said, in a low voice. "I think it is God's forgiveness you need." Without another word she left the room. Ah! Paris can be cruel sometimes!

The general gazed on his recumbent foe. Perhaps he felt that he had been more bitter than need be against the poor wreck of a man who, meeting his gaze, muttered feebly, "I have always wanted to shake hands with General Valcour."

Who could refuse such a request from a dying man? Not the general, who had a heart under all his fierceness. For a moment his stainless, proud old hand clasped that of the nameless reprobate as he lay there invested with the dignity that Death throws like a veil around the subject he is about to claim.

Mr. Leacock—or the Great Unknown let us call him, now that he has stripped himself of a name—fell again into a stupor, from which the doctor said he would probably not awake. A paucity of patients, however, gave the medical man leisure to be very attentive, and he avowed his intention of staying until the end.

General Valcour went home, but Mr. Convers lingered, hoping for a chance to question the impostor further. David, of course, remained in the room; and the three waited patiently enough for the closing scene.

Toward afternoon he opened his eyes. David hastened to the bedside. "Do you wish anything?" he said, in that tone of awe which one involuntarily assumes in speaking to those about to die.

The man's eyes twinkled faintly. "I should like a little beef-tea," he said, in an apologetic tone.

The doctor bustled up and nervously felt his patient's pulse. "Extraordinary rallying power! Constitution of an ox!" he murmured.

Mr. Convers smiled dryly. "Akw-ward for you, doctor, if he should get well," he said: "in China they would take you out and hang you. The Celestials don't allow mistakes on the part of their medical men."

Regret for his rash prophecy struggled with the natural pomposity of the young doctor's face. Pomposity gained the day. "This will not be the first patient," he said, with dignity, "whom I have brought back from the very gates of death."

"Well, I feel uncommonly peckish," said the voice from the bed.

Need I say that he did not die, but got well with astonishing rapidity? Eva did not see him again; but she heard of his recovery with unfeigned pleasure. She said she would have disliked so much to have him die in the cottage, as she was fond of the place.

On David, of course, fell the chief burden of caring for the interesting invalid. He grew to pity the poor old man as he nursed him back to health. He spent many an hour preaching respectability and reform, only to have the subject closed with a good-humored, "It's very well, Church, for you to think so and so; but it's because you don't know."

Mr. Convers sifted the impostor's story with entire thoroughness, and to the satisfaction of all, as it was found to

be true in its leading points. The audacious piece of roguery could never have succeeded but for Mrs. Charenton's obstinate play into the very hands of her opponent. He was allowed to keep the six thousand dollars, and he left the country, scattering blessings on all as freely as if he were an Irish beggar. It is to be feared that when he gets into straits again some member of the little circle will receive a reminder of his existence and be offered an opportunity of shining in the rôle of Goose.

Miss Leacock's fortune did not go to the enrichment of an orphan-asylum, but it made the Valcour plantation—now a little out at elbows—the most beautiful in that vast region of beauty. Before she was ready to write her name Eva Valcour the general adored her, and by the time her first-born rode astride his grandfather's sword he had ceased to wish that he had fallen with Gallatin Jenkins.

And Buena? Let us draw a veil over the emotions of that passionate little heart. If she suffered, it was as the rose suffers, that folds its blooming petals tight over the destroyer at its heart. Mrs. Valcour took an extraordinary fancy to the young girl, and through her a wide, long step in Buena's "Pyramid" was surmounted. To begin with, Mrs. Valcour had a very pretty little legacy left to her. "My general," said the sweet lady, "betwixt a smile and a sigh," "let us have one last play-time."

"Where, my darling? How?"

"Do you know that I should like once more, before I am called hence, to see the 'pleasant land of France'? Let us go, my general. Let us be young again, and wander over the Old World, as our vagrant will leads, one whole, beautiful, sacred year." Tears were in the gay brown eyes.

"What a riddle a woman is!" thought the dear old general. But he said, "My dear Suzanne, Garry is perfectly competent now to manage the plantation without me. We will go for as long a time as you like."

Up she sprang and waltzed lightly

around the room. "Another thing," she said, stopping in the midst of a pirouette: "we will take B. V."

"B. V.?"

"Miss Church, you know,—to keep us from going to sleep."

"Take any one you like," said the general amiably, thinking his Suzanne a very fascinating little woman.

When David was approached on the subject of sparing his sister for the foreign tour, he said, "Dear Mrs. Valcour, I am more than happy. But I do not wish her to come back under three years. If you could arrange to have her enter an art school—"

"And are you willing to do without her for so long?"

"My dear madam, it has been the one of the dreams of my life to give her such advantages as she ought to have. But for her, I should be a ploughboy to-day; and, although that is an entirely honorable station in life, I am thankful that through her exertions it has pleased Fate to say, 'Come up higher.' Buena is a gifted little creature. I want to see her talent developed. I have some money laid aside. It can't possibly be invested in a way to give me more satisfaction."

Buena protested at first. She was too old; she would not take David's money; she could not leave him for so long. But the end of it was, she accompanied the Valcours abroad, and, introduced by Mrs. Valcour to some of the most famous teachers in Paris, remained there to study art. Can it not be imagined with what ardor she threw herself into a work that inspired her with glimpses of heaven as she went onward and upward all the way? Ah! let those who know not the divine secrets of Art undervalue what she gives her worshippers! In her cold joys there is no satiety. She does not gratify passion, but, as in the creed of the Catholic the base wine of earth is transubstantiated on the sacred table into the very blood of Christ, so she changes this fiery force into a mystic and spiritual power by which body and soul are strengthened for life. She allies

herself to no selfish, exclusive lover: her large rewards, like God's, are for all who faithfully serve. So, let no one pity B. V., who has lost earth and gained only—heaven.

The three years have nearly gone by, and David has begun to look for his sister home. Flattering reports of her progress have come across the water; prophecies of future glory, very pleasant to those who care for her, are in the air. The principal of Neophagen Seminary has written David a letter of which he is very proud. Charming women in different parts of the country are beginning to say, "I was at school with that Miss Church who is making such a reputation in Paris, you know."

David—dear David—dwells on other points than his sister's artistic development. "Think of Buena," he says simply, "in a Paris gown and long hair!" Then he adds thoughtfully, "I wonder if she has forgotten how to whistle!"

It only lacks her coming to make his happiness complete. He considers himself a man singularly blest by Providence. The Valcours are his staunch friends. He worships Eva as much as ever, but with less sentiment, as it is not to be denied that the Peri has grown a little fat. The general and he hold long innocent political confabs, in which each is secretly buoyed up by the thought of the silent influence his sword-edged arguments must exert over the mind of the other.

The Arnville *Avalanche* has bounded into an extraordinary circulation, owing to a stroke of journalism certainly original, and defined in Arnville as "the square thing." A Democratic sheet was clamored for at intervals by the people; and one fine day a long-haired young man from Vicksburg came forward to establish a paper. David called on his

would-be rival,—found that he was poor, good-natured, and not impervious to ideas. In one of those happy fits of inspiration that come now and then to Mr. Church, he proposed that the Democrat should buy—not the whole—but the *half* of the mighty *Avalanche*, and edit *his half* to suit himself and his party. The bargain was struck, the paper was enlarged, and the first number made a fine appearance. It created a sensation. On one side a spicy Democratic sheet,—escape-valve for the hottest Bourbon steam in the country; on the other, a sprightly Republican page,—stalwart in sentiment, ornate in its glowing periods. Each editor had expended the entire force of his intellect in setting forth his "platform:" the readers of each party, by turning the paper to one side or the other, could find the echo of their political creed; while the "Independents," of course, were allured by the fun and convenience of getting at opposite aspects of the questions of the day in one breath, as it were. So everybody was suited, and the patronage extended even to remote counties where a newspaper was as rare as a black swan. David gloried in his idea with artless pride; he and his Democratic co-worker were the best of friends, though occasionally compelled to berate each other for the sake of appearances.

Dear, honest, David Church! Simple loving soul! His face lingers last, as all the others recede slowly from sight, as if borne away on waves of wind. As if loath to go, still it hesitates in air, little by little growing dimmer and more pale, until only its cheery smile is left to hold the gaze, like the pleasant Grin without the Cat which Alice saw in Wonderland.

SHERWOOD BONNER.

[THE END.]

## SOME IMPRESSIONS OF AN OPEN-AIR PEOPLE.

**D**URING a winter's residence close to the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, I had grown very fond of walking there in the early blush of the short twilight, when one could count upon a series of uncommonly happy effects,—the fine contrasts presented by the illumined sky in the glowing west and the vast black mass of the city lying beyond the sculptured Arc de l'Etoile and spreading along the horizon like wide, dim sierras. Nearer at hand the eye wandered past the lovely gardens and splendid mansions fronting on the Terrace to the clean, neat little streets of Passy, with their quiet, almost provincial calm. Against some one of the high garden-walls of the pretty Passy houses was sure to be seen, *en silhouette*, a broad-brimmed *curé's* hat, the fluttering skirts of the black-robed priest, being just the needed touch—what an artist would call his relief—to set off to perfect advantage the light creamy colors of the stuccoed houses and the pale pink glory of the western sky.

One brilliant frosty evening I was hurrying homeward along the Terrace pathway, when I perceived advancing toward me quite an imposing little *cortège*. It consisted, first, of a lady and gentleman, walking slowly, with the lingering step which betrays the desire to prolong the moment of sauntering, behind whom there followed at a discreet distance a gorgeous flunky, magnificent with pink calves and a huge *boutonnière*, and laden with the paraphernalia of a woman of fashion,—an infinitesimal lace muff, a wrap, a fan, and a card-case. Close to the heels of this resplendent being an army of small dogs, curled, washed, and berigged with love-knots, frisked and tumbled and barked, while along the roadway a beautiful carriage and a pair of thorough-breds were being slowly driven by a coachman in the same livery as the walking footman. As the carriage finally drew up before the palace

of the Duc de N——, and the footman stopped, looking expectantly at his mistress, who nevertheless proceeded to continue her leisurely walk, I concluded it was some one of the Parisian “grandes dames” making her round of New Year calls. As she drew nearer I perceived that she was both young and beautiful, of that order of beauty so essentially French,—the figure tall and graceful, the mask-like pallor of the face lit up into brilliant life by the luminous flashing eyes and the mobile features. The neutral tints of her rich toilet framed her splendor admirably, and the crystal stillness of the diamond air made every tone of her charmingly modulated, warm French voice distinctly audible. And the modulation and the tone were unmistakable. They were those of a well-bred woman of fashion indulging in some of the lighter gymnastics of flirtation. Her companion, a distinguished-looking man, was apparently answering more by the devotion of his bearing and glances than by words, for I caught no sound of his voice. As they were about to pass me, the path being too narrow for three and the lady being on the outer side, I stepped into the roadway, but not before a sudden gust of wind had thrown open her long fur cloak, which struck against my own as I attempted to evade the encounter, and, behold! both of us held fast by the catching of one of the large silver hooks of her mantle to some lace that edged the sleeve of my cuff. With a charming grace she attempted to disengage herself, and the gentleman also came to our assistance with the deferential aid of his ungloved hand. Did I dream it, or did I really see his strong white hand press slightly her slender, dainty fingers as both strove to disengage the rebellious hook? What I certainly did note was the lady's sudden flaming blush and the quickened haste with which she finally set herself free, not, however, before she had poured into my ear her pro-

fuse and gracious apologies, leaving there a haunting echo of her delicious voice. As I turned to take a farewell glance at them, I saw that the lady had seated herself in the low carriage, that the pink-calved footman had jumped swiftly to the box, and that the gentleman was left standing alone on the curbstone. I then noticed for the first time that the equipage was an open victoria; and, as I walked rapidly home in the keen raw air, the biting cold of a wintry January day, I wondered how it was possible for that delicately luxurious, almost frail-looking woman to venture out in so exposed a vehicle on so bleak a day.

I had not been long in Paris before I discovered that exposure to the air at all times and at all seasons is one of the characteristics of French life. All classes, the highest as well as the lowest, are inured to conditions of the elements which would entail serious results upon what we are pleased to consider our own more hardened constitutions. The charming mistress of the pink-calved footman driving off so unconcernedly in her open victoria on that bitter day, so far from being an exceptional instance of a Parisian's endurance of cold, presented merely one among the thousand proofs of such physical hardihood. Open victorias, landaus, T-carts, and hundreds of the now fashionable little yellow pony-carts are daily driven round the Bois, or are used in a long afternoon's round of calls, not only in weather that makes Americans shiver in *voitures chauffées*, but even in showery, uncertain weather, which with us would entirely put an end to all prospects of an airing. During my frequent morning walks through the Bois I noticed that with Parisian equestrians the advent of winter appeared to make little difference in their enjoyment of this exercise. Morning after morning, in the crisp frosty air of rigorously cold January weather, there was a vast amount of riding to be seen going on in the well-kept bridle-paths, numbers of officers, *amazones*, gray-bearded men, and gay young "swells" trotting at a brisk rate through the leafless avenues of the Park. The fairer sex, so far from

being daunted or hindered by the rigor of the weather, would be found in parties of twos and threes leisurely riding through the winding paths in the teeth of a rain-storm that would have sent an American girl cantering homeward at a lively pace.

It is one of the pleasing illusions indulged in generally by Americans that the Paris climate is a mild one. Compared to the length and duration of our own winters and the degrees of intense cold which we are called upon to endure, it is, in fact, mild. But during December and January, and part of February, searching winds, snow, hail, or a long season of sleeting rains, when the cold, damp air seems to penetrate through the walls of the houses and into the very marrow of one's bones, may be counted upon in Paris, with no hope of amelioration from the sun. So that the Parisian's endurance of the rigors of his winter is the more to be wondered at. Much of his indifference to exposure is due, unquestionably, to the fact that the cold in France rarely or never attains that fatal degree dangerous to mortality which is so common with us. The winter's evils and discomforts are, therefore, the less guarded against, since they are less to be feared. Another reason is that there exist in Paris no such tremendous contrasts between the temperature of the house and the outside atmosphere as in America, where our houses have the tropical heat of a conservatory, and the outer air the arctic chill of a blast from the North Pole.

But I think that above and beyond all these obvious reasons for Frenchmen generally meeting the hardships of their winter with a more Spartan physical courage than Americans can boast is that, in truth, the French are open-air worshippers. There is a national passion for air in France, as in England there is a national passion for athletics and in Holland for cleanliness. The Englishman's love of out-of-door sports and his delight in all forms of active physical exercise bear no relation to the Frenchman's enjoyment of an open-air life for its own sake. With the latter, to take his out-of-door pleasure it is neither



necessary for him to be batting balls, nor to be in pursuit of something to kill, nor yet to be measuring so many miles of ground with his iron-clad boots. In France the religion of the "constitutional" does not exist. What the Frenchman enjoys is not so much the *doing something* while in the air as the mere fact of *being in it*. The language corroborates this fact: *se promener* is but an idle, languid verb compared to the vigorous, active Anglo-Saxon "to walk." The Frenchman takes his pleasure, indeed, in this respect far more simply than does either the Englishman or the American. He has a purely natural delight in living an open-air life, a delight which is deeper than a passion, which is an instinct, and one which he has in common with the Greeks and all races possessing refined sensibilities, great vivacity and elasticity of intellectual power, and natures craving freedom and expansion. To breathe freely, with plenty of space and light about him, is to the Gaul the first necessary condition of life. Confined air and hot rooms stand for his ideal of discomfort. Life is only at its best when he can be abroad, and pleasure is never so brimming in the cup as when sipped under a dome of azure. Thus it is that Paris has become the only Northern open-air city. Much of its unrivalled beauty and the spell of its enchantment is due to its combining the charms of a Southern city in its luxuriant foliage, superb parks, out-of-door *cafés*, and brilliant street-life, with the more serious dignity and elegance of a Northern capital. It is because of this dual character that life, the hard workaday prosaic business life of a great capital, assumes in Paris such picturesque and brilliant aspects, making it the preferred and ideal home of the artist. The open shop-doors, the populous streets, the animation of a people doing much of its work and taking most of its pleasures under the open canopy of heaven, make of life there a more real, human existence than one sees in London, with its in-door impenetrability, or in New York, during its long winter of enforced seclusion.

Two customs peculiar to Paris proclaim the innate Southerner's passion for air. One is the open shop-door, and the other the custom of going about in all weathers and seasons bareheaded. I noticed opposite my windows that the butcher and his fat, comely, bright-eyed wife, the tireless, energetic *blanchisseuse*, with her busy shop filled with attractive, rosy-cheeked young women dexterously handling their never-idle flat-irons, the *fruitier*, the green-grocer, and the wine merchant on the corner, all left their doors hospitably open throughout the winter which saw me their *vis-à-vis*. On the threshold of the door some one of the inmates of the shop was certain to be seen taking a moment's airing with much the same gusto with which certain fish are seen to emerge from the sea to fill their air-lungs, and for much the same reason, the French workman appearing to be incapable of continuing the day's labor without repeated plunges into the fresh, invigorating medium. Half a dozen times in a morning the pretty, rosy-cheeked young washerwoman would step to the sill of the open window cooling her iron while she herself cooled her hot cheek, and this in midwinter, often enough facing bareheaded a bitter wind.

The custom, as I have said, of going about bareheaded is a very general one among all classes of the working-people, both men and women going to and from their work or about their business through the streets in all kinds of weather with no head-covering save that which nature has provided. To judge by the superb complexions and vigorous *physiques* so often seen among the *ouvrières*, by all odds the healthiest and in some respects the handsomest of the Parisian women, the sanitary results of this *nue-tête* system are strongly in its favor. Even among the well-to-do higher class of servants a covering for the head is used only as a part of their Sunday attire, as gloves are worn by this class, not as a matter of protection against the cold, but as an ornamental part of their more carefully made toilets. On one occasion I remember, having to send François, the

man-servant, to market on a particularly wintry December day, when the thermometer stood at eight degrees above zero, I noticed, upon his appearing to ask for final directions, that the only change made in his toilet consisted in his having taken off his butler's apron and tied a foulard kerchief about his throat.

"Surely, François, you will put on your hat and overcoat? that knitted jacket is not warm enough for such a cold day as this."

"Madame, I never catch cold," I was answered, with a fine, superior smile; "and, besides, as madame sees," touching the silk handkerchief with a gesture which bespoke his sense of having made full concessions to the weather, "I protect myself."

Two hours afterward, when François reappeared on the opposite side of the street, making his final round of purchases at the grocer's and the fruitier's, the only effect of the cold, apparently, had been to deepen his fine fresh color and to increase his volubility; for a French servant in shopping includes gossiping as one of his chief perquisites.

My opposite neighbor, Madame la Baronne de T——, did not appear to consider her morning toilet complete unless she stepped out upon her balcony to take a whiff of fresh air. Few pictures of the past winter remain more indelibly engraven on my mind than the charming one she made for my admiring eyes on a certain snowy morning, when, opening the low French window, she passed beyond its frame-work to the open balcony, knitting her low brows and rubbing her white hands as she leisurely interrogated the weather, not in the least disturbed, apparently, by the swiftly falling snow-flakes as they fell upon the pale, creamy cachemire of her bewitching morning wrapper, out of the dainty laces, ribbons, and soft folds of which her pretty brunette head emerged like some bright-eyed bird's from a nest of down. Madame's indifference to the falling flakes was, however, a most exceptional instance of stoicism. For a snow-storm in France is always taken

*au grand sérieux*. It is looked upon as one of the most awful and august of winter's chastisements. The gloom of a prolonged rainy season, the chill and dispiriting atmosphere of a fog, the severity of a keen and nipping air, will be borne with a stoical courage which wears the front of indifference, while the Frenchman will stand an amount of stubbornness on the part of the sun, who, during the winter's solstice, often refuses to show his face for weeks at a time, which an American, who counts upon solar periods of radiant good-nature to carry him through December's storms and January's thaws, would resent as a matter of wilful perversity. Their easy resignation and matter-of-course attitude toward what to the American sense seems by far the most trying of nature's inflictions make the French distaste and dread of snow appear all the more marked. I presume Frenchmen think it necessary to draw the line somewhere in this matter of putting up with bad weather, and so the line is drawn with the appearance of his White Majesty.

I remember my own impressions of Paris during a heavy snow-storm. With the first appearance of the falling flakes I longed to be out in the midst of the coming splendor. Before leaving the house, however, I received most disheartening counsel. It was in the reign of François, who, as factotum of our establishment, had arrogated to himself the direction of most of our movements. I could see that François, upon my desiring him to bring me my arctics, took a discouraging view of the proceeding. He gave me a solemn protesting glance and strode to the window with a respectful "Pardon, madame, but surely madame does not think of going out in such weather?" Arctics in hand, he stood gravely eying the falling flakes; then, with a tone impregnated with concern and ominous with the burden of prophecy, he added, "I should advise madame not to go out: *il va tomber une couche sérieuse!*"

Accustomed to long winters of nature in this "her grand attire," there was little to affright me in such a prospect.

Surely there are few sensations so piquant as those of walking in a snow-storm. When the snow is falling, one seems peculiarly near to nature. If the flakes be large, to have them fall upon one's hands and face is the nearest approach to a *touch* that nature gives. There is something almost human in the contact of those moist, clinging drops; they seem to be imbued with a certain vague, illusive, but sensible consciousness. On this particular occasion, however, I was bent on another purpose than the enjoyment of purely physical sensations. I was anxious to see how Paris would look in its mantle of purity. I had not walked many blocks before I perceived that, true to her infinite adaptabilities, she wore the unaccustomed garment with a charming grace. From a city of enchantment, alluring, bewitching, seducing as a siren and as fatal to the beguilement of the senses as young women of the Lorelei species have the reputation of being, behold instead a city of purity, white, stainless, without spot or blemish, as if all of the radiant, brilliant sisterhood of the Vices and Follies had suddenly turned *dévotés* and had taken the white veil. At the touch of the magician's hand the dark, wicked-looking houses had been transformed into airy palaces covered with arabesques of delicate tracery, and the gaunt skeletons of the trees shrouded in garments of finest lace-work. In the frozen fountains Tritons were offering their conchs filled with icicles to the Naiads above them, who, in an excess of modesty, had girded about their loins a crystal fringe; and the splendor of modern Haussmannic Paris and the blackened tragedy of the Tuileries ruins had each received its share of soft comeliness. Yet, for all its beauty, I could not rid myself of the impression of a certain solemnity in this sudden transformation. In the air there was a something of religious sanctity and silence. This was not merely the silence which snow brings in its train, "when all the batteries of noise are spiked:" it was the silence of a sudden hush, of a wondrous calm which had fallen on the vast, seething, human hive of Paris. It

was not that the sounds were deadened: there were no sounds. The babble of talk seemed suddenly frozen up, the light-hearted merriment to have been chilled to its very marrow. Paris, from the first city of levity in the world, had in the twinkling of an eye been changed into a city of seriousness. The Boulevards were deserted, and the shop-keepers began hastily closing their doors, as if their lives and property were in danger from these moist foes. With a serious, melancholy air people took to walking in the middle of the streets, although the snow was as yet hardly three inches thick. Every one stepped warily, picking his way with caution, as if walking were an act fraught with tragic consequences. Although the air was of that champagne *frappé* sparkle which makes the mere act of breathing an intoxication, these whilom gay birds of pleasure visibly drooped and appeared to find no bead on this sparkling wine of air. I walked several miles that day, and yet I saw nowhere, not even among the children, evidences of that merry holiday spirit with which we are wont to greet the king of storms. There was no gay surrender, no toying with the element, as with us, to whom, both young and old, the advent of a snow-storm brings a perceptible rise in the thermometer of our spirits.

The infrequency of snow-storms in Paris has much to do with the solemnity with which they treat it. Snow is regarded as an accident of weather, against which no preparations have been made. And it may also be that the Gallic impressibility to ocular demonstration has something to do with their dislike of such storms. The French have a child-like sensitiveness to that which can be seen: the eye is the most active and the most sensitive of all their organs,—a fact which perhaps helps to account for their courage in confronting atmospheric impressions to which we are highly susceptible. Going to pay my weekly visit to Madame de X—— at her Monday's reception, and this particular Monday happening to fall upon a snowy day, I counted on finding my

charming friend alone, when I should be enabled to indulge in a long-felt desire for a cosey *tête-à-tête*. What was my surprise to find not only madame but monsieur at home, both huddling close to the fire, wrapped in shawls and mufflers! My appearance was the signal for a volley of exclamations. "Ah, c'est vous! par un temps pareil! quel courage! quelle audace! Ah, it is easy to see you are an American. But come, come nearer to the fire: you are frozen, you are stiff." Upon my laughingly assuring them that, far from being cold, I was in a magnificent glow and that the air outside was superb, they looked at me with a wondering pity, as if I were suffering from an eclipse of my reason. I attempted to convince them by the least mendacious of proofs, the thermometer, that in reality this particular day was warmer by at least ten degrees than the previous one had been, when I had met them driving on the Champs Elysées in an open victoria. But both my logic and my arithmetic were wasted upon them. For the only answer, monsieur eloquently pointed to the falling snow, as if in its white beauty he saw a precursory sign of a glacial visitation, and madame impressively and shiveringly assured me she could only keep warm by building "*des feux d'enfers*."

Into this league of discontent against the snow the poets have entered. How many French poets have sung the beauty, grandeur, or loveliness of snow? In Lowell's delightful essay, "*A Good Word for Winter*," among the numerous Latin, English, and German poets quoted by him who have eulogized that season he cites not a single French author, unless a bit of Anglo-Norman doggerel, in which there is no recognition of "*old White-Beard's*" being good company, can be ranked as such. Among modern French poets Béranger and Jean Richepin stand almost alone in singing the praises of snow,—Béranger cleverly turning the tables on spring in his charming song entitled "*Maudit Printemps*," and Jean Richepin, in his verses "*La Neige est belle*," apostrophizing its chaste

beauty with as appreciative an ardor as any of our own poets.

But if the French poets have been noticeably mute in singing the beauties of winter when it "*the kingly crown has on*," what a melodious chorus bursts forth with the advent of spring! Then the French muse strikes with might on all the strings of her lyre, and the true national music springs into being. The English bards may equal in sweetness, but they do not surpass in joyous ecstasy of song the welcome accorded to the coy maid. From Froissart—for Froissart was a poet as well as chronicler—to Théodore de Banville, what a long hymn of joy, what a glowing chant of praise is rendered to all the radiant processes of Earth's renewing her life in leaf and flower! The French poets are genuine sun-worshippers: with the advent of fair weather their muse sings in unison with the season. Spring, with its soft winds and bright blossoms, or early summer, with its cloudless skies, brilliant sunlight, and splendor of foliage,—these are beauties in tune with the national taste and temperament; and, since all poets are also lovers, the French poet naturally enough sings best what he loves best. There is an old-time pagan responsiveness to the Ides of the spring months. Frenchmen, indeed, have not advanced much beyond the Greeks in their enjoyment of the purely sensuous elements in nature; they delight in a season which ministers to the delectation of the senses, and in scenery which appeals to the imagination without demanding too much of physical exertion. No one fact marks the wide difference between the French and English taste more distinctly than this,—that an Englishman's enjoyment of nature is the greater in proportion as it offers him opportunities of overcoming difficulties and storming her impregnable fortresses, while a Frenchman's delight is measured by the ease with which he can enjoy her. What he cares for most in nature are low hills which can be easily climbed and flower-decked banks where violets can be culled in company with Mimi, Delphine, and Marie. His intellectual and artistic refinement leads him instinct-



ively to prefer nature in a tranquil mood rather than in her more dramatic or ferocious aspects. Solitude, immensity, the desolate, the sinister, are never the chosen themes of the French poets or great painters. Even in literature, all the painters of ideal landscape—Jean Jacques Rousseau, George Sand, etc.—delight in depicting nature in pleasing forms. With the poets it is the *riant* rather than the terrible that is sung: the lyric verse of Hugo, the melodious rhythm of Théophile de Gautier, the supple, vigorous muse of De Banville rarely or never strike the more tumultuous, vibrant notes of a Byron or a Goethe, who delight in placing their Manfreds and Fausts amidst the infernal horrors of the elements. In French art the Claudes, the Watteaus, and in later days Rousseau and Diaz, are the true representatives of French taste in landscape. Poussin stands almost alone as the interpreter of the tragic note in nature. Nature wreathed in smiles to match the costumes of Watteau's court-ladies, or goldenly shining in subdued sunlight, as in the gloriously lighted Claudes, or reserved and mysterious, wearing the veil of a gauzy fog, as in the hazy Corot canvases,—these are the French renderings of nature's secrets.

In France spring comes with a more swift and hurried step than in our less genial clime. Even there, however, she does not forego all her caprices. One could hardly expect, indeed, that she should set up for a prude and a steady-going maiden in that land of coquettes. There come days with an air as soft as a lover's caress, and Paris, believing with easy credulity in these bland promises, turns out *en fête* to celebrate this advent of fair weather. To greet the new-comer, the sun, who for months, perhaps, has barely shown his face, the dainty Parisiennes don their most becoming toilets, pots and shrubs are set out in front of restaurants, at the little tables on the sidewalk the "boulevardier" seats himself as if he had taken his chair for the season, and the parks and the Bois are crowded with children dressed in summer attire. Paris, in a

word, has put on her spring bonnet, and wears it with a conscious air of its becoming her. Then behold! on a sudden Miss Coquette has changed her mind, and, so far from going on with the bloom and the shine, in very wantonness of desertion she lets winter have a chance at the deluded Parisians. Winter, as if full of spite at having to go at all, gives as a final salute a fine splutter of hail and cold rains, quitting for good at last with a freezing bow. But after a few more rains and fitful squalls come long days of the sun's warming comfort, and the miracle of leafage is accomplished. Paris then bursts into such riches and plenitude of foliage and flowers as make certain parts of it, from the lovely gardens on which queens have gazed, up to the stately pines which border the lakes in the Bois de Boulogne, seem like one vast garden in bloom.

But neither the Luxembourg nor the Monceau nor the Tuileries are the most carefully tended of the Parisian gardens. With the first bursting of the leaf one has only to look aloft to see admirably-kept parterres of flowers. Paris indeed blooms best at the top. The lodger in the mansard turns Paris in the spring into a city of bloom and of brilliant color. The Parisian has a passion for flowers as well as a natural taste for and knowledge of their culture. His delight in fresh air and his love of the beautiful incite him to turn his balcony—and Paris architecturally is a city of balconies—into a nest of bloom and shade. Often the balconies are enclosed, pink or scarlet awnings curtaining the sides and serving as a protection against the neighbors' too curious eyes. I have seen hundreds of the broader balconies running beneath the cornice of the mansard furnished and fitted up with all the care usually bestowed upon an in-door sitting-room. Chairs, settees, and small tables, rugs for the feet and comfortable cushions, blooming shrubs and plants in pots, birds, and twining vines make of such a balcony a little paradise. Even in the dingy, tall, black houses of older Paris, the apartment houses, from the *entresol* to the aerial heights beneath the



chimney-eaves, are lined with blooming shrubs; and, if the balcony be large enough, as is usually the case on the fourth or fifth story where the roof begins to recede, it is used during the spring and summer months as the family dwelling-room. The life of the French balcony is still to be written. Perhaps some Xavier de Maistre will find in this out-door existence a theme for the same poetic, sprightly treatment and originality which made the charm of "La Voyage autour de ma Chambre." In the Faubourg St. Germain there are gardens surrounding some of the older mansions which are almost parks. One brilliant May day I had a glimpse of such a one. I was making a round of visits in company with my friend Madame de T—, when she said to me, "I am going to call upon Comtesse X—. She lives with her mother in a beautiful old hôtel, just such a house as one reads of: several of our novelists have already described it. Come; you will be heartily welcomed; and really you should see the garden and the house." I consented willingly enough. A rampart of high wall guarded the place like a convent. Once within the gates, we drove through an avenue of superb trees to the house, whose doors, windows, and cornices were as rich in carving and sculpture as a Benvenuto-Cellini casket.

"Madame la Comtesse is in the garden: will the ladies join her there, or shall I announce them?" said the powdered footman.

We bent our steps toward the garden, and passed through a park which suggested rather the well-kept grounds of a large country-seat than two or three acres of verdure in the heart of a great city. Under the canopy of a magnificent oak we found the ladies assembled, making a picture under its rich shade fit for the inspiration of a Gainsborough's brush. On a lounge covered with Eastern rugs reclined the stately figure of the comtesse's mother, her white hair, fine black eyes, and black satin dress making her the prominent figure of the group. Two charming young girls were seated at their tap-

estry-frames, bareheaded, the sunlight playing its net-work of shadows through the leaves on their pretty blond heads and Marie-Antoinette fichus. Madame la Comtesse herself was in her riding-habit, giving a farewell caress to her foaming bay mare. The reception was as cordial as had been promised, and a delightful half-hour was passed, during which several other visitors came in, coffee was passed, and we drank it to the accompaniment of a chattering of squirrels and the music of unseen water rippling somewhere in the shade.

The talk turned on riding, and I found nearly all the ladies present were enthusiastic horsewomen,—two of them, indeed; averring that they deeply regretted having passed the winter in Paris, there had been such uncommonly fine hunting on their estates this season. But riding and hunting have not as yet become the "institutions" in France which they are in England. In Parisian high life, during the past ten years, it has become the fashion to copy the English models of fashionable sports and pleasures, and riding and hunting for ladies have been taken up in "swell" circles with as much enthusiasm as if it were a novelty. But Frenchwomen are very far from being the thorough-going horsewomen of England. Exercise, whether on foot or on the back of a horse, is not a Frenchwoman's ideal of enjoyment, and the present rage for equestrianism among the *monde* and *demi-monde* in Paris is due to another quality than mere imitation or a love of the thing for its own sake. When Madame Bovary, the heroine of Flaubert's masterpiece, was first offered the chance of equestrian exercise, what really tempted her was not the exhilaration which comes with riding on the back of a fine animal over wide stretches of country: it was her vanity that was fired at the prospect of displaying her beautiful figure in the costume of the riding-habit. All Frenchwomen ride as if conscious of their admirable *tournures*. They pose more or less in the saddle. There is little of that physical delight displayed among the well-mounted, glove-fitted *amazones* who

crowd the *Allée des Poteaux*, the Rotten Row of the Bois, every morning in May and June, which one sees across the Channel. The beaming, radiant faces, the fearlessness, the enthusiasm, which characterize the mounted Englishwoman and make of her so different a being oftentimes from the same creature afoot, are all lacking. Frenchwomen ride prettily, if we may be forgiven the tameness of the phrase, their unrivalled grace in this, as in every action of life, standing as an admirable substitute for that oneness with the horse which makes the Englishwoman supreme when in the saddle.

One curious custom prevails in connection with the mounted Frenchwoman. In Paris, as is well known, even married ladies of the highest world rarely venture into the streets unattended. But fashion rules that once on a horse a lady, be she married or single, may trot through the streets of the city and through the loneliest bridle-paths of the Bois unaccompanied even by a groom. There are dozens of these cavalierless equestrians to be seen riding briskly through the leafy perspectives of the Bois. Some among them, at least, do not appear to find the situation wholly unenlivened by incident. Once in the early spring, as I was sauntering close to one of the less-frequented bridle-paths, I was startled by the quick falls of a horse's hoof. Turning, I saw through the thicket first a leaping greyhound, and next the figure of a dark, blue-robed *amazone* rising to the trot of a superb thorough-bred. As she drew near, I thought

that something of the greyhound's supple grace was repeated in the rider's lithe, slender figure. It was probably for my edification that she drew her horse up short just where I could best see her; then, as I caught a glimpse of her dark eyes and of the rich pallor of her cheek, now tinted with a blush of color, I recognized the lady of the little incident on the Terrace. If I had forgotten her, there would still have been another fact to recall her to my mind. A moment later the greyhound shot by with a bound to greet a horseman coming swiftly from the opposite direction. Madame's blush deepened, and as the horseman came nearer I descried the same gentleman who had been her cavalier on that January day. But he did not at once join her: on the contrary, he gave a swift, hurried glance up and down the long sunlit path as he rode swiftly along, almost passing her by; then, apparently fully satisfied that no one was in sight, he wheeled his horse about close to the lady's slowly-pacing bay, and as she held out her hand in greeting I saw the sun's rays glisten on a bit of note he left within it. He released the hand on the instant, but the instant had been long enough for him to bend from his saddle and imprint upon the gloved surface a hasty kiss. Then, without a word, these strange lovers put spurs to their horses, riding as if on the wings of the wind in opposite directions. I concluded that to them, at least, the spring had brought with it a fuller crimson upon the robin's breast. ANNA BOWMAN BLAKE.

## THE SERGEANT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. PAUL DEROULÈDE.

I.

HE was a famous sergeant, was our Jacque! . . .  
His officers nicknamed him so for fun,—  
Because one day, leading some bold attack,  
He fought at "all trades,"—sabre, musket, gun.

In the Crimea, Mexico, the rest,  
 He fought,—fought bravely,—conquered everywhere.  
 Medals and crosses sparkled on his breast,  
 Which gave him, as he said, “a killing air.”  
 He was not short, nor tall; had a cropped head,  
 With a great scar that ran from brow to chin;  
 Strong on his feet,—“firm on his base,” he said;  
 Lithe as a sword-blade; slender as a pin.  
 How his white teeth laughed through his thick moustache!  
 And his short nose wore a defiant air;  
 While ’neath his brows two dots, half soft, half harsh,  
 Gleamed like grape fagots in a furnace-glare.

We asked, Had he known fear in his first fight?  
 His chiefs said, “No!” but, “Yes, I did!” he cried,—  
 “Though mine has been the luck to use it right:  
 I passed it over to the other side.”  
 He had but kept a mite, lest he might lose  
 The thrill that adds to every brave man’s bliss,—  
 A little dash of fear for his own use,  
 A little tremble, as when sweethearts kiss.

Jacque loved his similes a trifle strong:  
 He was like Homer, some of you may think.  
 And yet he did the blind old bard no wrong,  
 Being . . . not intimate with printers’ ink.  
 “Not but what, lads,” was one of his remarks,  
 “I learned my letters; I know A, B, C.  
 Only, to make up words with little marks  
 Has always seemed ridiculous to me.  
 Besides, books may be very needful, pshaw!  
 For those whose brains invent no newer things,—  
 Who, holding nothing, are compelled to draw  
 All their supplies from other people’s springs.  
 But I, who know what’s life, can think, can see,  
 A born observer of what round me lies,  
 I only have to thumb my memory,—  
 My skull holds records printed by my eyes.”

And when they said, “It seems a pity, Jacque,  
 Your lack of learning mars your chance to rise,”  
 “Ha! ha! You think,” he always answered back,  
 “A bird without fine plumage never flies.”

Jacque was an artist in the art of war;  
 No man could better tell a country’s lay,  
 Lead a brisk charge, make his own orders law,  
 Or teach his men more briskly to obey.  
 He never thought whatever might promote  
 Their comfort an unnecessary thing;  
 He loved his calling; to it would devote  
 His heart. His men adored him as their king.

## II.

One day our sergeant was extremely gay :

He had the route,—“Cross to the Prussian side.”

He heard a rumor : “There’s a check, they say.”

“Not true ! What matter *were* it true ?” he cried.

“Tis possible,” he added, “after all,

As *we* were absent, there was some mischance.

*Ours* were the fiddles wanting at the ball :

All will go bravely when *we* lead the dance.”

His company in the reserve, aside,

Waited its orders hidden by a hill.

The sergeant gazed at them with loving pride ;

His heart beat joyous with a warrior’s thrill.

His soldiers, mostly veterans of Algiers,

Bull-dogs in fight, were eager for the fray ;

A wink was all his speech,—he had no fears

They would not do *their* duty through the day.

But as he stepped a little back and made

Inspection down the line, he roughly cried,

“Ha ! *nom de nom* ! my Number Three’s afraid.

Step out here, Number Three. Here, step aside.”

A little peasant lad was Number Three ;

Trembling and pale, he fell out at the call.

“So, we’re afraid,” said Jacque, “most horribly !

The devil ! Who dared send you here at all ?”

The poor lad blushed up to his eyes, and said,

“Sergeant, I’m not so frightened as you think.”

The sergeant smiled to see his face so red.

“He’s young, he’s scared, but he’s too proud to shrink.”

Then, kindlier still, he took him by the ear :

“No ; you’re a Frenchman ; you’ll not flinch,” said he.

“But down there in your haversack, I fear,

You lack a spice of soldiers’ deviltry.

I’ll put it in, my lad.”

“Please, sergeant, if

You’d be so good, at once attend to it.

Then I could wait the word—indifferent . . . stiff . . .”

“Ah ! You believe you’re going to get hit ?”

“I don’t *believe*, exactly ; but I might . . .”

“Ha ! ha ! my lad, it’s no use to suppose.

Battles have dangers ; what has not ? . . . A fight

Has more, perhaps, than most things. But who knows ?

At least they’re fun.”

“Fun, sergeant ?”

“Yes, my boy ;

Nothing’s so dull as dragging day by day

One’s legs on a parade-ground. It is joy

To hear guns bark. It takes all pain away.”

" Ah, sergeant, that depends . . . perhaps . . . But you . . .  
Sergeant, *you* did not *always* get off free?"

" Oh! do you mean my wound? I see you do.  
That's not the only one. Look here, lad. See!"  
The little conscript gazed with wondering stare.

" You find one does not die of wounds like mine."

" So I see, sergeant; and one might perhaps bear . . ."

" 'Tis not like fishing with a hook and line.  
But, mark, he who comes home with head erect  
Will need some stimulus, as well as I;  
And the proud thought his conscience will select  
Is not, *I killed*, but, *I stood firm to die*.  
Call this by any name,—you can't go wrong,—  
Say 'love of country,' 'flag,' or what you please;  
That which can strengthen man itself is strong;  
War teaches self-restraint, peace selfish ease.  
So, boy, I only laugh when people call  
Our trade a scourge, and cry, 'Behold its fruits;  
To fight is but brute instinct, after all.' . . .  
Nay! *fear's* the instinct; *cowards* are the brutes.  
'Tis fear that brings the beast in us to light.  
Fear makes men scamper like the silly ewe.  
Likewise, remember always that in flight  
The foe will fire, conscript,—and not you.  
Then, too, my boy, think what it means to fly!  
Not only—what, alas! enough you'd find—  
Defeat, confusion,—all that agony,—  
But all the dead and wounded left behind.

Yes; those the victor *finds* he will assist;  
But will he *seek* for them, as we should do?  
The roll is never called without a list;  
We veterans, conscript, look for such as you.  
If, after all, your feet, against your will,  
Go pivoting around, reflect a bit:  
Balls in the back are just as sure to kill.  
The way to stop their hitting is—to hit.  
You understand now, lad?"

" Of course I do.  
You say that fear is but a stupid thought;  
That who wades in is bound to see it through;  
That one should be a man,—and *can*, and *ought*.  
As to the rest— your pardon, sergeant, I  
Forget some words you said in all that lot;  
But I feel better. If I'm hit, or die,  
I know you said I should not be forgot.  
You suffered awfully, I am afraid . . ."



"What's that to you? By no man 'twas discerned;  
All *that's* between my sword, me, my cockade;  
It was for France!—well given, well returned!"

"'Twas dreadful, though. . . ."

"What nonsense! Give me back  
More of such dreadful things," the sergeant said.  
"Who cares for blood which won in an attack?  
And then these ribbons would revive the dead!"

He pointed with his thumb back to his breast;  
His brave soul, glistening outwardly, shone there.  
"Ah!" said the conscript, filled with martial zest,  
"Would I were brave!"

"You are, my lad! You are!  
Back! There's the signal. It is all I ask!  
You'll make a soldier yet,—do something great!  
Here! drink a drop of brandy from my flask. . . ."

"Sergeant, to France and you!" . . .

. . . "One common fate!"

### III.

'Twas like a sudden, awful thunder-clap  
When those brave regiments were brought in play:  
Through the stout German line they tore a gap  
Which made the German princes pale that day.

At first the conscript's head turned like a wheel,  
With trumpets, drums, and many a booming gun,  
The blows he had to parry and to deal;  
But near him fought his sergeant: could he run?

The fight went on,—no word the sergeant said,—  
But the boy conscript had recovered quite.  
Afraid,—of course,—but not now *much* afraid.

"All right, my lad?"

"Yes, sergeant, I'm all right."

Next, by degrees, valor succeeded fear;  
Eager for fight,—blackened from chin to brow,—  
He tipped his *képi* over his left ear:  
The little conscript was a soldier now!

"Here, comrade, will you take another drink?"

"Not needed, sergeant."

“Right, my lad; that’s well.  
You see now there was no real cause to shrink,  
And that there’s fun in it—now don’t you? Tell!”

Ah! there were many missing from that troop!  
More than one comrade would “fall in” no more,  
But hope led onward, hope inspired each group;  
They closed up, and pressed forward as before.

Two hours it lasted,—killing, being killed,—  
The bayonet took part in the assault:  
Blood braver than these men’s was never spilled;  
When, all at once, the trumpets sounded, “Halt!”

The officers consulted with grave air.

“Sergeant!”

“What is it, conscript?”

“Yonder—see!  
Behind us on that little knoll,—off there!”

“*Mille millions de tonnerres!* The enemy!”

#### IV.

Next morning early, in a ruined hut,  
The sergeant lay. Upon his breast and head  
White bandages were bound o’er many a cut,  
And the boy conscript sat beside his bed.

A ray of sunlight falling on his face  
Roused him to life:

“The devil!”—staring wide,  
“Where am I? I know nothing of this place.  
Conscript, *you* there! Not hit? That’s well,” he cried.

“Sergeant, you must not talk. . . .”

“Orders . . . from you?”

“No, no! not me. The doctor. Do not start. . . .”

“That, for the doctor! What I choose I’ll do.  
He’ll never cure my wound,—’tis in the heart.  
So we are prisoners?”

“No; we got safe here.  
When they came up (but little time had fled  
After they hit you, sergeant), without fear  
I lay down by you, and they thought me dead.

Then, when I found them gone, I rose, you see.  
 I found this farm-house near. I said, you know,  
 This is my sergeant,—he belongs to me.  
 I hoisted you upon my back, and so—”

“ ’Twas well done, lad ; well done ! ”

“ That’s my report.”

“ You were a fool your strength, lad, to employ  
 To save a poor old carcass of this sort ;  
 For I’m not wounded,—I am killed, my boy.”

“ Hush, sergeant ! that’s not fun,” the conscript said.  
 “ See here ; lead knows you ; you’ll get well, I know.  
 See all these ribbons ; they would raise the dead.”

“ Not when the battle’s lost. No, conscript, no !  
 Yet put them where I’ll see them to the last.  
 Inkerman, Alma,—ay, and many more !  
 All tell of joys and dangers in the past :  
 ’Twas splendid while it lasted,—now ’tis o’er.”

“ Sergeant,” the conscript sobbed, “ one must not cry.”

“ Nor recollect ; but how avoid it, lad ?  
 Thank God, no foe has got my arms. I die  
 Conqueror always. Ten to one’s too bad.  
 —When I am buried,—since the time may press,—  
 Dig me a hole,—two branches,—that will do.  
 No name, for this dispatch needs no address ;  
 But, that the Lord may know me, couldn’t you  
 Just seal me with my medals on my breast ?  
 He’ll understand. They’ll seem to mean, ‘ with care.’  
 Brave men the God of Battles oft has blessed :  
 Think you He’ll call me *Sergeant*, lad, up there ? ”

A bright smile glowed athwart his fading face,  
 One gleam of life before life died away.

“ You must be off the moment that takes place ;  
 And take my cross of honor, won’t you ?—say !  
 And when brave fights, not dreamed of yet, are fought,  
 When other days—of victory—bring joy,  
 When those who honor valor as they ought  
 Decorate *you*, you’ll wear *my* cross, my boy ! ”  
 With that his limbs a sudden shiver gave.  
 He touched the lad, and his voice fainter grew :  
 “ Embrace me, conscript, kiss me ; you are brave !  
 Ah ! if I left more scholars such as you ! ”

Here a black spurt of blood came from his lips ;  
 One flush, and then his eyes no more could see.  
 He sprang up, crying, ere that last eclipse,  
 “ I did my duty, France, and die for thee.”

E. W. LATIMER.

## MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

THE little parlor made no pretensions, though its ingrain carpet was more gay in color than becomes an ingrain. Even the mantel-piece, index of domestic taste, refused by any evasions of staining or mongrel architecture to be mistaken for marble, but, perfectly willing, to be recognized as white pine, held itself erect, supporting a goodly collection of daguerrotypes and a stuffed bluejay. "No, it isn't an elegant room," said the landlady to herself, as she paused in her dusting to take breath, "but it's real genteel." And her smile of satisfaction extended its cheering beams across her unresponsive furniture and was answered by a nod from a bright-eyed young lady who passed the window at that moment and whose latch-key was soon heard rattling in the lock of Mrs. Carey's front door. She glided in without speaking, laid a portfolio and a lunch-basket on the marble-topped centre-table, and sat down to take off her gloves, an operation requiring time in the case of Miss Fairthorn, who had none to spare, and one which would not have been performed at all if she had not been fully aware that no dust could disturb her, in spite of the efforts of the busy housewife to discover and raise it. The rearranging of six daguerrotypes might have seemed an easy matter, but Mrs. Carey was making a task of it, though when she spoke, with her back still turned, her topic was not family portraiture. "Well, my dear," she said confidentially, "I've gone and rented the room."

Miss Fairthorn rolled her gloves up swiftly. "Really!" she cried. "Well, I'm glad for you and sorry for us. But do tell me who it is."

"He's an artist."

"An artist! Oh, dear! I'd rather have had a woman with a crying baby."

"Why, I thought you'd be delighted," said the landlady reproachfully. "I

thought he'd be so congenial. Why don't you like the idea, Lois?"

"I was thinking of the others rather than myself, Aunt Maria. You see, having the same profession, he'll expect to be intimate; of course that will be delightful, if he is congenial; but if he isn't, all our pleasant times together will be spoiled. Now, if he were anything else, he'd be satisfied with being treated politely, and wouldn't go any further. All that sounds selfish, I acknowledge, —particularly as you're the first one to be considered."

"Why, I'm dreadful sorry you don't like the idea," said the landlady, with a smile of apology. "Do you suppose, — now, do you really think I've been injudicious?"

"No; I didn't mean to imply that."

"Maybe I ought to have slept on it. I did decide rather hastily, I'll admit; but, somehow, I just couldn't help takin' him. He said it looked so homelike, — that's the very word he said; and I got out of him that he hadn't any home, nor any mother, and he looked like a real mother-boy; and then I got to wonderin' if my William — this one's got the very same name — had any one out there to Omaha to take an interest in him." The voice began to tremble. "And it somehow seemed to be my duty." She had by this time seated herself beside Miss Fairthorn, who took one of the work-worn hands in her own.

"Yes, I'm sure it was the thing for you to do. Is he very young?" with a faint blush.

"Nigh on to twenty-four, I should say. It seems he's been boardin' down to Mis' Munsell's, and nobody there cared to make friends with him, I guess; and then he'd heard my house was full of artists. Mis' Munsell's most an excellent woman, but they do say she sets a very plain table for the price."

Miss Fairthorn showed no signs of interest in the last statement, which per-

haps was not made public for the first time on this occasion, but returned to the matter in hand: "What is his full name?"

"Blake,—William Blake. Did you ever hear it before?"

"The only person I ever heard of by that name was a great English artist; but he's been dead some time, I think."

"I shouldn't wonder if this was his son."

"I'm quite sure the others won't like it," mused Miss Fairthorn. "Still, they ought to have confidence in your judgment, Aunt Maria. I don't believe you ever did anything the wrong way in your whole life."

"Well, I can think of lots of things: there's too much shortening in that last batch of bread, for one. What was I going to say? Oh!—Virginia won't let him bother her much, you know very well; and as for Mr. Muller, he'll growl at first, and that'll be the end of it. I don't see how you can *help* taking to Mr. Blake: I haven't met a young man with such pretty manners for dear knows how long. I'm sure it'll turn out a wise move, my dear."

Miss Fairthorn gave a gracious assent as she rose to leave, and went thoughtfully to her little bedroom, which had an air of almost pathetic simplicity; her first action being to bend her head over a pot of mignonette standing in the window. Then she looked down into the garden. The dahlias were still erect on their stalks, although the frost was to visit them that night; but the leaves of the fruit-trees had begun to shrivel and fall. Long masses of gray cloud filled the sky, fold upon fold, down to the chimney-tops of the back street, and were broken there by a band of brilliant yellow, and she asked herself why, for the first time in her life, she could watch such a sunset without a feeling of depression,—by what law of contrariety the approach of night and winter's advent could have power to comfort and uphold her; and while she laid aside her "things," and all the time she was washing her already clean hands, she vexed her pretty head with the unnecessary

problem. And then she sat down to her sewing; but when she turned to look at her clock, fifteen minutes had gone by and she had not even pricked the cloth with her needle. Since she could not work, and her wandering thoughts could not be coaxed back into any practical path, she would go up-stairs to her studio.

A series of crashes greeted her as she entered, brushes and sticks of charcoal came rolling across the floor, and Miss Browning, the person so suddenly disturbed, gave a shriek that would have been repeated had not the other stifled it with a kiss.

"Goodness me! You scared me out of my wits." She tilted back in her chair, one foot on her easel, showing a strong, good-natured face, tattooed with black streaks. Ardent as was her affection for Miss Fairthorn, who shared the room with her, she nevertheless had a contempt for the latter's training and methods of work, and held, her opinions strengthened by daily discussion, the production of crayon portraits at thirty dollars a head to be higher art than water-color paintings of flowers and microscopic drawings, and in her view there were many books more worthy of worship than Miss Fairthorn's constant companion, "The Modern Painters." It was easy to see that Miss Browning ruled this apartment, where every known rule of housewifery was violated,—though disorder had its limits and was stayed at the corner, where a little table stood on a square of rag carpet. "What's the news?" she asked, going on with her work. "Have you had any luck to-day?"

"A little: the children behaved like angels and worked like little beavers, and I've subdued the one who wanted to draw animals in the second lesson: she's on straight lines now." (Miss Browning groaned.) "And there's a new girl in the afternoon class: she's never done anything, and she asked if I thought she could paint well enough 'to sell' after a quarter's lessons. Now, wasn't I encouraging? I said that depended entirely on herself. Then, I've an order



for four paper-cutters like the one Mrs. Colden bought,—with arbutus, you know."

Miss Browning moulded some bread-crumbs in her fingers and made a rapid stroke: "Confound this nose! I've rubbed it out twice. There really seem to be signs of a revival in art. Don't you believe Mr. Colden wants four portraits of himself? He's so fat it would pay to do him,—I could double my price, you see; and I imagine they're people who'd care more for the frame than the accuracy of the likeness." (Miss Fairthorn shivered at these low-toned sentiments.) "And what else has happened? You've got more news, I know: I can see it in your face."

"Well, guess."

"Oh, I can't! I never guessed a riddle or a conundrum in my life. If you want to make an idiot of me, just ask me to guess something."

"There's another artist coming to board here. Aunt Maria's just told me."

"For goodness' sake! who is it?"

"Some Mr. Blake; and he's coming particularly on our account,—at least, she thinks so. I said I knew you'd be disgusted."

"I hope Mother Carey knows what she's about! Now, wouldn't you think, after all her trials with us, she'd have reflected twice before letting in another poor chicken who couldn't pay his board promptly? You can associate with him if you want to: I'm not going to, I can tell you that. We must break the news to Mr. Muller." And, opening a closet-door, she caught up a shoe. Answering taps were heard, and a tall man sauntered in, followed by a black cat, which strolled about as if familiar with the room and then curled itself on Miss Browning's cloak, an apparently useless article lying on the floor. Nor was Mr. Muller less familiar. He seated himself without invitation, and to sit with safety in a three-legged chair requires long practice. His coat, long ago outgrown, was a mass of dried paint below the second button, and his trousers—but we all know that, as things are arranged in the universe, the

lightest hearts are often those whose owners are the most patched.

"I do wish," Miss Fairthorn sighed to herself, "he would learn to take more dignified attitudes." But she smiled a welcome nevertheless, and looked down to see if her dress-skirt covered the tops of her shoes.

"The bread," Miss Browning began abruptly, "the very last crust, is going to be snatched out of our mouths. Mother Carey's gone and taken in another artist, and he's coming— When did you say, Lois? to-morrow? He's coming to-morrow; and what shall we do with him? He wants to be friendly: he'll be forever borrowing things and stealing our ideas. I thought you ought to be warned in time. I've made up my mind already: I shall snub the insect. What's his name? Briggs? Blake? Yes, Blake. Did you ever hear of him?"

"No, nor any one else. He's probably some art-student still on flats. The dickens! He *will* be a nuisance. I wonder Aunt Maria didn't come and ask us first."

"Why, she thought she was doing the very thing that would please us," Miss Fairthorn ventured. "I really think she wanted to have his coming a pleasant surprise." And then, as they seemed to be hardening their hearts, she championed the new-comer's cause with more spirit: "If he *is* a beginner, we ought to encourage him in every possible way. We all know how hard it is climbing the ladder, and likely enough the poor fellow only needs a little encouragement to put him at the top. If you're all going to talk like that, I shall take back what I've always been proud to say, that artists are unselfish and generous and don't go about saying cruel, hateful things about each other, like musicians."

"I'm sure," said Muller, "I'm the last man to grudge another his success. I don't want to make it unpleasant here for the poor boy. I suppose he's at that stage when the possession of an easel is supposed to make one a genius.—What are you scowling for, Miss Browning?"

"If he asks me to criticise his little copies, I shall tell him just how wretched I think they are. The best thing about being an artist is the privilege it gives you of speaking your mind freely,—that's right, Lois, shake your head,—and I don't know why we should be so very cautious about hurting our young friend's feelings. He's got to get knocks from somebody. What on earth's that banging down-stairs? Do you suppose his trundle-bed has come?"

They were at breakfast when Mr. Blake was introduced, and he had no sooner entered the room than his manly face commended him to Muller's favor; but Miss Browning, who had dragged the caster in front of her to obstruct her view of this possibly disagreeable person, remained consistently cool and condescended to no opinions.

"He's a gentleman, that's very evident," said Miss Fairthorn to herself as she passed his cup of coffee, and then she noticed that he had handsome eyes, and blushed as if her mental exclamations had really been audible.

"Mr. Muller," sighed the landlady, eager to break a long pause, "you shall not take my best china bowl to feed that cat out of: this makes the second time you've done it."

"But, Aunt Maria," laughed the culprit, "I didn't want it for the cat: it was to put varnish in, and it was the first thing I came across in the cupboard."

But Mrs. Carey forced a frown and murmured a sentence in which the expression "spoiled children" occurred and was all that reached the ears of Mr. Blake. It put him instantly at ease; for if this were a specimen of Mrs. Carey's ire, the atmosphere of the house must surely be overcharged with peace and beneficence.

"What do you do in the art line?" he asked her, starting his first long sentence. "It is so unusual to find three members of one family who are gifted, that I take it for granted the exception stretches and takes you in too."

"La!" chuckled Mrs. Carey, "these are only adopted relatives; though I

couldn't set store by 'em more if they was my own flesh and blood. Oh, I ain't talented in any way, unless it is bread-makin'. I did make wax flowers when I was a girl, and I was thinkin' the other day I'd like to try again. I guess I haven't forgotten how. I should think you girls'd like to try: it'd be dreadful pretty work for evenin's."

Miss Browning shrugged her shoulders, but no one replied.

Mr. Blake went on: "And the old gentleman who used to have my room,—was he related in any way?"

"Step-stranger," blurted Miss Browning.

"He was a lovely old man," said Miss Fairthorn.

"And a first-class model," added Muller. "He hadn't anything to do but to sit around in-doors, and so we made him useful. Sometimes he was a saint, and sometimes he was a villain. I don't think he liked that. It seemed to trouble his conscience when he was compelled to be a bandit. By the way, where have I seen your pictures?" He was beginning to suspect his own impressions, perhaps. At all events, he was making strenuous efforts to be polite.

"I had a little thing in Smybert's Gallery last year,—the only picture I ever exhibited. But it isn't likely that you remember it: a little girl standing by a well."

"Why, did you paint that?" cried Miss Fairthorn. "I liked it ever so much,—it reminded me so strongly of home.—It was just our old well to perfection, Aunt Maria; and I knew just how it looked inside. I knew there must be ferns growing in the cracks of the stones, and tufts of grass with drops of water on them. Oh, dear, it makes me homesick to think of it!"

Blake was blushing to his hair: "I liked it pretty well myself, and I've always been sorry I let it go. It was a commonplace subject, I know; but I put some of my soul into it. I wish I could say the same of all my pot-boilers."

Miss Browning was beginning to be interested in the new-comer, though re-

garding him in a purely æsthetic light. She thought she would like to do his head, three-quarters view, with a background; but, unwilling to encourage him too much, she regarded the vinegar-cruet and remarked casually, "We can all sympathize on the pot-boiler question."

"I beg you won't include me," protested Muller, whom she had purposely stirred up. "The country is deluged with trash for which more than one good artist is responsible, and the wonder is that any one with a soul can sell it for a few paltry dollars to buy beer or baby-clothes, or whatever it is they think they must have. Money!" he cried, snapping his fingers. "It makes my blood boil to hear men talk of painting for money! It's enough to bring Raphael out of his grave, this mixing art with bread-and-butter."

"What did you ask?" said Mrs. Carey, starting out of a reverie. "I was doing a sum in my head, and didn't hear you. Butter's gone up four cents, if that's what you wanted to know."

"Have you time," hesitated Blake, when the meal was over, "to stop at my room?—that is, if you're going up-stairs? I'd like to show you what I'm at work on now. It has been waiting a long time for criticism. It isn't a pot-boiler, Mr. Muller; indeed, I think it painted itself."

"Of course, of course we can afford to stop," answered Muller, especially anxious to do so, now that Blake's acquaintance with drawing-cards was proved to be a thing of the past; while Miss Fairthorn detained Miss Browning, who would have gone on to her studio. The transformation of a commonplace bedchamber into an artist's workshop had been easily accomplished by tacking up a few canvases and stretching newspapers across the lower halves of the windows; but even these slight credentials were proved to be unnecessary when Blake drew his easel into a favorable light. "You can see for yourselves," he said, "how much more there is to be done. I think I shall alter that foreground, for one thing."

Miss Fairthorn gave a low cry, as if she

had been suddenly wounded, and grasped the back of the chair where Miss Browning sat leaning forward with her head on her hands, and then she looked back appealingly to Muller, as if begging him to speak for her. Not that there was anything sensational in the picture, in which a working-woman, strong-limbed, but weary-footed, came toward you, bearing a scanty bundle of fagots on her back. At her right, and winding behind her leagues away through dreary marshes, rolled a narrow river, like an enticing snake. Her head was turned to look at the sinuous waves that leaped eagerly toward her; night was falling, and but a glimmer of light, invisible to her, lined the horizon; only an arm's length of ground separated her from the cold flood that seemed less cruel than her daily lot.

Miss Browning was the first to speak, and then with an effort, as if struggling with her better nature: "You've caught it exactly. I know what her thoughts are: I've been through all that, many and many a time. But to think that a man could interpret it!"

"Oh, pray don't alter the foreground!" Miss Fairthorn begged gently, "it would be so hopelessly desolate without those cheery little flowers; and don't take the sunlight out of the sky. Have you finished the story in your own mind? I wish you could make it evident that it all came out right in the end,—that she looked back and remembered that it couldn't always be cloudy and desolate, and didn't yield!"

Blake had heard every word while fumbling among his brushes, and had seen her return a handkerchief to her pocket. "Yes," he answered, "the story shall end so, if you like. You are at liberty to give it a happy conclusion; but I still think the flowers an intrusion.—What's your advice, Mr. Muller?"

"Don't touch it, for your life!—Look at that foreshortening, Miss Browning; see the modelling in that face, and that, and that!" He advanced and laid his hand on the younger man's shoulder. "Where have you been all these years?"

he demanded. "We shall all sit at your feet, my dear fellow! Do you take pupils? I want to begin to-day."

On her way home one afternoon, Lois Fairthorn stopped at a corner lamp-post to mail a letter to her mother, in which she had expressed her intention to "come up" for Thanksgiving. As she turned away, wondering if she had also answered a question concerning the market-price of eggs, a man, whose hat was slouched over his eyes, fell into step with her, and, taking the luncheon-basket from her unwilling hand, exclaimed, "Have I altered so much since dinner that you took me for a ruffian?"

"Now that I see your face," she answered, as she kept up with difficulty, "I am willing to let you carry my purse. Do ruffians go about the streets smiling?"

"Smiling? Am I actually doing that?"

"I never saw you look happier."

"I'm not happy. I've sunk to a depth I never expected to reach. Do you know, I've allowed myself to be persuaded, or bribed,—it's one and the same,—into painting some scenery for the Lyceum?"

"How splendid!" piped she. "It will bring you into notice at once; and they ought to pay you well for it, too. Isn't it very lucrative work?"

Muller's fingers found their way into the bottom of his pockets, where there were holes that had not been burned by money: "Oh, they pay well enough; the trouble doesn't lie there, you know: it's the style, the style. They want sunrises in the tropics and sunsets in Siberia, and rivers of vermilion and continents of indigo. Bah!"

"Then why do you do it?"

"Why, my clothes are dropping off me, and I owe Aunt Maria three months' board, and I'm out of canvas and colors. You ought to be satisfied with those excuses."

"I call it a piece of good luck," she answered, and when they entered the house proclaimed the tidings from room

to room, until Miss Browning came out, broom in hand, and held them at bay on the stairs.

"You infamous creature!" she cried. "I wonder you dare look us in the face again. Do you think you are going to pollute this temple devoted to High Art with your paint-pots?"

"Yes," he groaned feebly, "that's the word, 'paint-pots,' and whitewash-brushes; and then it will be sign-boards and fences. I'm a lost and ruined man!"

"Well, I never was so glad in all my life! I knew you'd come to it eventually. But do come in and tell me how it happened."

"It's a day for good news," said Blake, when he joined them. "If I hadn't been in a hurry when I bought that soap for Mrs. Carey, the shop-keeper wouldn't have done it up in newspaper, and we should never have known that the 'Society for the Suppression of Mediocrity in Art' is to hold its first exhibition next month. One would infer from this article that every picture would be hung on the line; but they don't promise to sell every one."

"Then I'm afraid the society isn't conducted on sound business principles," said Miss Browning. "Do they offer to lend us frames? I suppose not; and I haven't a respectable one to my name. No," she repeated, glancing along the walls, "not one. I shall have to economize and save up my shillings." Then she turned toward the cat stretched at full length on her cloak: "May I trouble you to rise? I must wear my old clothes another winter."

Their interest in each other's welfare was so unselfish that no one grumbled next morning because Muller had sat up late into the night strumming on his banjo, in an hilarious state, which he insisted had nothing to do with his finances. He assumed the task of boxing the pictures for the exhibition, and even insisted on paying the expressage himself. "It is a family affair," he said.

And Miss Browning echoed his sentiment when she begged the insulted expressman to throw the box out as gently

as possible. "Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, are all with it," she quoted, and then, when it was too late, began to reproach herself for having sent so sketchy a piece of work as the head she had drawn in charcoal one evening when they were working together. They had chosen "Confidence" as a subject for illustration, and she had dashed off "the best thing she had ever done." Nothing more original, Muller insisted, had ever been seen in New Dublin; and so she had believed herself, until the wagon had whirled around the corner in a cloud of dust.

Miss Fairthorn, on the other hand, was satisfied with her contribution, presented on the same evening, and afterward carefully worked over,—a clump of harebells nodding on a cliff, almost within reach of a troop of white-ridged breakers. And yet the next time she was in her bedroom she found material for a picture that would, she thought, have attracted more attention; and this was a limb of an old pear-tree, near the window, on which hung some over-ripe fruit among shrivelled leaves that would soon join their late companions now scudding about the garden and making futile attempts to whirl themselves over the wall. Yes, the pear would be easy to paint, the leaves particularly so; they were mostly sepia, and the branch in Payne's gray, with its bright lichens, would be very effective against the soft autumn sky; and, as she mused, a hornet in black and gold swaggered up to feast. To imitate his slender legs and restless antennæ she would need her finest-pointed brush; and what fun it would be to do it!

A few days passed, and on a stormy evening, when Miss Browning's spirits were at their lowest ebb, she was called to the door to receive a box from New Dublin. Miss Fairthorn had risen at the bell-pull, remarking in a tremulous voice to the little circle around the kerosene-lamp in the parlor that she feared their pictures had been returned, and, passing her arm about Miss Browning's waist, now went with her into the hall. Fate, as any one can testify, is not always

good-mannered, and in this case had been positively ungallant; but Miss Browning declared, when she took out the head of Confidence and the clump of harebells, that she was not at all surprised,—it was simply because they were women,—and, shouldering her unfortunate contribution, trudged up-stairs, whistling dolefully, while her companion retired silently to her room.

Was Blake justified in passing a sleepless night as he wondered how his painting had been hung and what the public verdict was? The New Dublin *Aurora* thought not, and freed its mind in a half-column of abuse,—for if some one did not pluck up courage to expose the faults of this new contributor it was evident that this lack of solidity and of color, this lawless breadth of handling, would be repeated and carried to excess in the future. "For No. 24, 'Winter Morning in Vermont,' we have nothing but praise. In this little gem there is no paintiness nor mawkish sentiment apparent. The purity and lightness of freshly-fallen snow have been admirably imitated by Mr. Muller, and the old smithy, half buried in drifts, was a most fortunate selection for treatment. Notice particularly the action in the figures."

The *Evening Crescent*, on the other hand, singled out William Blake's "Destiny" as the most meritorious work on exhibition, possessing as it did those rare qualities, vigorous execution under restraint, rich but harmonious coloring, and, above all, originality. How tender the sentiment, but with what delicacy expressed! "The visitor will do well to compare this with No. 24. We hope Mr. Muller will learn before he is many years older that white paint, however lavishly applied, does not resemble snow, and that to draw figures acceptably one must go straight to nature. His horse was evidently copied from a stuffed rabbit, and the originals of his men can have had no existence outside of Noah's ark."

In spite of these warnings and commendations, the public knew what it liked, to use its favorite expression, and



was as obstinate as usual in forming its own opinions. "Blake's picture was the first to receive a green ticket," gasped the *Aurora*, next morning. "Some one has actually bought Mr. Muller's landscape!" moaned the *Crescent*, in the evening. "The taste of the metropolis is exacting," said the next number of the *Riverdale Farmer and Mechanic*, "but we are confident that the scenery of the new play at the Notown Lyceum will come fully up to its standard. We take especial pride in calling attention to Mr. Muller's scenic effects, inasmuch as he is a native of this place, born and bred in our midst. His many friends will rejoice that George was induced to forsake agricultural pursuits for a more congenial avocation."

"I am convinced of it," Miss Fairthorn said, as, clinging lightly to Blake's arm, she tripped homeward after the first performance. "If all drop-curtains and flies—is that what they call them?—were conscientiously painted, what a means of elevating the public taste they would be! Now, those shabby-looking people there to-night seemed to appreciate the good points of the scenery. You noticed how they applauded the 'Moonlight on the Danube;' and it really was the best thing."

"And how their delight delighted Muller! It insured him his bread-and-butter for the future,—for he'll have his hands full of this kind of work now; but he pretended to despise their appreciation all the time. His theories are sublime; but you can't eat theories nor clothe yourself with them, and he might as well accept this temporary situation gracefully. What an odd fellow! He rarely shows his best side, it seems to me."

"I know it! I know it!" Miss Fairthorn cried. "That's exactly Virginia's case: she's constantly doing herself injustice. Those people behind us must have thought her an utter barbarian when they saw her eating raisins; but what could you do? There was no way of letting them know how small her eccentricities are beside her better traits, and they'll never have any but unpleas-

ant impressions of her. She's a noble girl, and she'd take the clothes off her back if she thought any one wanted them!" All the feminine virtues were summed up in this last eulogistic exclamation; nothing further could be offered in Miss Browning's defence.

"And how is it with you?" he asked. "Do we always see your best side, or do you give way to your temper when you are out of the house? How often do you pull your scholars' hair?"

"Oh, don't suggest the idea!"

"Why, it isn't an unreasonable one. They probably deserve such treatment. I think I'll conspire with Miss Browning and get you into one of your angry moods: she must know the subjects that excite you. Religion, I suppose, comes after art, and then politics? No, I'll leave that out."

"Why, I think I am pretty even-tempered," she said. "Virginia thinks I oughtn't to be: she thinks I'd enjoy life more. I remember we had a discussion once on religious art, and I said that if I were a figure-painter I'd make it a religious duty to paint such pieces—sermons, you might call them—as the 'Christus Consolator,' and she contended that there was no call for such things, the age of faith having passed; and then I was indignant at her flippancy. I was so angry I couldn't speak, Mr. Blake!"

"That confirms my suspicions," he said with a smile, but, looking down as they passed a lighted window, he saw a flush on her cheek.

"And, when I could speak," she went on, "I told her her life didn't seem to be any happier than mine, after all; and she told me to hold fast to what I had, and she came and kissed me. That was the most serious dispute we ever had, and the last one. And that reminds me,—am I talking too much?"

"No, no; I am interested in all this."

"I wanted to ask if it ever occurred to you how much influence a picture representing the horrors of war might have toward checking wars,—so wonderfully painted that all the world would

want to see it, but giving only the dark side,—that's the real side. No gay uniforms in it or triumphal processions or heroic incidents to make you forget the awful, awful realities,—the *unpicturesqueness*, you know. Perhaps a blazing cottage, with a mother and her baby lying dead at the door. I shouldn't think a *man* could wear a shoulder-strap with any comfort after looking at that. Perhaps that isn't the best subject that could be selected: I only happened to think of it. I wish you'd paint such a picture, Mr. Blake. 'You're not the one'? Why, I think you're the very one."

Through many a painful dream that night he heard her pleading voice and saw her graceful figure appear and vanish in one picture after another upon his easel, as if his brush had no power to arrest it,—pure and fragile and as lightly attached to this gross earth as one of her favorite harebells. Once she came bursting through clouds of battle-smoke, olive-crowned and encircled by fluttering doves, but only to be enshrouded again in horrors of deeper darkness, while the groans of dying men checked the glad message on her lips.

He did not come down-stairs in the morning, and the usually spirited table-talk flagged and spent itself in surmises as to the cause. "He must have heard the bell," said Mrs. Carey, "for I rung it myself. Most likely he's so tired he don't feel like eating. I'll keep his breakfast warm for him, anyway, and if he isn't up by nine I *shall* think something's the matter. I only hope he hasn't got this fever that's round. They say Marsh's folks are all down with it; but, then, don't seem 's if a body *could* catch anything that's two streets off. He didn't act sick last night, did he, Lois?"

Miss Fairthorn answered in the negative and blushed very becomingly, and Mrs. Carey, with a sigh of relief, erected a pyramid of meat and potato on Blake's plate and carried it into the kitchen; but at nine o'clock a doctor's gig rattled up to the front door, and the hands of the little household toiled heavily all day,

all thoughts being concentrated on the darkened room from which Mrs. Carey issued hourly to make reports. "It's been coming on a good while," was her frequent remark, as she wiped her tears away. "I mistrusted, the first time I laid eyes on him, he enjoyed poor health."

Miss Browning as frequently answered that she always said Blake would give them no end of trouble, but insisted on watching at night. "You're not strong enough, Lois, and you're too tired, Aunt Maria," she argued; "and everybody knows that when men try to nurse they knock chairs over, or go to sleep and snore: so I'm the only reliable person in the house."

Fortunately for all concerned, her duties were of few days' duration, and at the end of the week, as Miss Fairthorn came tiptoeing in one afternoon, she met Mrs. Carey descending the stairs. "Aunt Maria," whispered the girl, her hand on the clasp of her bag, "do you think—"

"Do I think what, dear?"

"Do you believe he'd care for this bunch of violets? I know men dislike to have flowers sent them when they're sick, but it was the only thing I could think of, and the others have done so much, and there doesn't seem to be anything I can do, and I want to help in some way.—Oh, dear!"

"There! there! there!" cried Mother Carey, hugging her up against her ample bosom, "I know all about it,—all about it! Don't take on so! Of course he's going to get well. You see he hain't touched this gruel: he says he wants some steak; and nobody'd ask for a better sign than that. Why, I expect he'll get right up on to his feet when he sees your posies!"

Spring fulfilled her cheerful prophecies when it flooded the old house with sunshine and wreathed the shattered limbs of the pear-tree with fragrant garlands, by setting a wedding-day in the calendar and exciting the village of Brierfield,—which is rarely favored with more than one wedding a year. That "society" journals ignored the event is

not to be wondered at, for Brierfield is not even on the maps, and there were no marriage-bells or wedding-marches to be recorded; but reliable witnesses remembered how continuously the orioles and song-sparrows warbled their unprofessional melodies during the simple ceremony, and how appropriately ferns and snowy trilliums had been used for the decorations. But one regret, supposedly feminine, was noted,—that the bride had worn a silk; for if there ever was a "white-muslin bride" it was Lois Fairthorn.

"An ideal affair straight through," wrote Miss Browning to her friend some days afterward, "and I'm glad you have decided to stay at home for a while, instead of gadding about the land on a 'wedding-journey' and acting as if you had never had any new dresses before. I supposed the rest of us would settle down again into our humdrum life, but for some unexplained reason all the exciting events of my life have been crowded into the last two weeks. Epidemics are the rage here, and it's probably owing to you that matrimony has succeeded malarial fever. Muller has actually asked me to marry him! I told him he was out of his head, and wanted to know what would become of high art if we all indulged in sentiment

to that extent. I really don't think he was in earnest, though, but only a trifle blue, for he hasn't mentioned the subject since. But my chief reason for writing was to tell you of the piece of luck that has befallen me in the shape of a legacy. Think of it! It comes from a most unexpected source, a great-uncle who never saw me but once, and then scolded me for climbing trees. (Halcyon days of youth!) It's only a few thousands, but it lifts me out of abject squalor, you know; and now I'm going to Munich to study as soon as I can get my clothes in order,—or you can, for you know I never could sew, and I must have your help. By the way, I want it distinctly understood that I shed no tears at that wedding,—not a drop. Aunt Maria did the business for the entire assembly."

Blake's pictures have by this time found their way across the water, but he still lives contentedly under the hospitable roof of Mrs. Carey, who boasts that her boarders stay with her till they die, "which is more than Mis' Munsell can say of hers." His wife, it is said, has almost forgotten how to use a brush, and would be quite out of practice were it not for an insatiable demand for paper dolls from the youngest member of her family.

HENRY BALDWIN.

## POPULAR FALLACIES ABOUT SURGERY.

**A**SIDE from superstition and fetishism in medicine, there are a number of deeply-rooted popular beliefs which have more or less of fact for their foundation. It is plain that many of these beliefs must have originated with medical men themselves. The crude knowledge which in former times they had about many matters, and their rough and often cruel methods, gave rise to erroneous ideas and expressions, many of which are still firmly

fixed. Again, it is not to be expected that technical and precise words as to occult things will have any hold in the language of the people, and thus the ordinary practitioner naturally adopts their expressions, choosing rather to be classed as one of them than to be considered a pedant. But, whatever the origin of such notions, they are so deeply rooted that it would probably be a waste of time to endeavor to remove them. I have, however, selected a few

which are among the most widely spread, and which may be corrected without any great use of technical terms. The illustrative cases of the first fallacy are expressed after the manner of the newspaper reporter, he, with the rest of the laity, being governed by the dominant idea in regard to gunshot wounds.

*I.—That the ball is necessarily the great source of after-danger in gunshot wounds, and the surgeon must extract it.\**

#### CASE 1.

August 12th.—Police-sergeant Eddy, who was so brutally shot in the abdomen yesterday while making an arrest in South Front Street, is lying at the hospital in a very critical condition. The doctors have already probed for the ball three times without success, and there is to be a consultation this afternoon, when another effort will be made.

13th.—The search for the ball in Sergeant Eddy's case yesterday afternoon was not successful. The patient is very low, and it is doubtful whether he will live more than a few days. As a dying declaration, he identified the man who shot him, who was taken to his bedside by Magistrate Smith.

14th.—The surgeons made another effort to find the ball in Sergeant Eddy's case, but without result.

\* This article was written in August, during the writer's vacation. At the time the President of the United States was lying prostrate, stricken down with what proved afterward to be a mortal wound. Although the situation of the bullet was not known until after death, what is contended for in this paper was strikingly illustrated. The ball was, according to the official report signed by all the doctors in attendance, "completely encysted." So far as the progress of the case was concerned, it had done its mischief and was practically harmless compared with the injuries it had inflicted. If a pistol-ball crashes through a plate-glass window and falls upon the parlor floor, what good does it do to the window to pick up the ball? To be sure, the ball should be picked up if found, for some other harm might happen from it. But there is nothing to do with the window but to patch it up or to replace it with a new light. In our President's case the break was beyond patching. The fragments shed their mournful light for a while over the world, but at last fell, notwithstanding all that was done to sustain them.

18th.—We have not reported Sergeant Eddy's condition for a few days, as it continues about the same. All efforts to find the ball have been so far unavailing.

30th.—Sergeant Eddy, in whose case so much interest has been felt, is rapidly improving at the hospital. The surgeons have not yet found the ball! A large abscess or pus-cavity was opened.

September 10th.—Sergeant Eddy continues to improve. The painful and frequent attempts at finding the ball have been discontinued. The doctors now say it may possibly lie concealed wherever it is, without harm, or, if it declares itself, it may be readily extracted at some future time. Why did they not act on this supposition at first, and thus save the sergeant much suffering?

September 20th.—Although the ball has not been found in Sergeant Eddy's case, he is now pronounced convalescent, and will be able to leave the hospital in a week or two. John Rough, alias "Soapy," who shot him, was yesterday released on bail.

October 1st.—Sergeant Eddy was discharged from the hospital yesterday. His wounds have entirely healed.

November 1st.—We met Sergeant Eddy on the street yesterday. He was in uniform and on duty. He looks a little the worse for wear, but is rapidly regaining strength. He says he is not annoyed by the ball.

#### CASE 2.

It is our painful duty to report the death of Mr. Douglass Field, the well-known merchant. Yesterday afternoon, while at his country place with some of his friends, he was practising with a Winchester rifle by shooting at a target. While Mr. Field was examining the target, the rifle in the hands of one of the company (whose name we refrain from giving) was accidentally discharged. Mr. Field was struck by the ball between the ribs. It passed directly through his body, and was found afterward embedded in an oak-tree a hundred yards beyond where the unfortu-



nate man stood. Mr. Field died almost immediately.

#### CASE 3.

We are sorry to have to record the death of James Rose, who, it will be remembered, was shot in the thigh about two months since. When the patient was admitted to the hospital, the ball was found in the opposite side of the limb, and it was at once extracted. We now learn that the thigh-bone was shattered by the bullet at the same time, and that death resulted from what the surgeons call septic fever and exhausting discharges. The attempt to save the limb was considered justifiable by the surgeons.

#### CASE 4.

Patrick Stubs had his leg amputated on Saturday. He shot himself accidentally in the foot, with a revolver, some weeks ago. He applied to the hospital for relief at the time. The ball could be readily felt with a probe, but Stubs obstinately refused to let the surgeons extract it. Disease of the bones and repeated hemorrhages have been the consequence, and the patient will be fortunate if his life is saved by the loss of his leg.

Here we have the newspaper reports of four well-known classes of gunshot wounds. If the reporter would think about them, they must be very confusing to his mind as to results, for Sergeant Eddy, about whose ball he is so much concerned, gets well and holds on to the ball; Mr. Field, who had no ball at all in him, dies instantly; James Rose, from whom the ball was taken immediately after he was shot, dies slowly; Patrick Stubs loses a limb because he refused to let the surgeons remove the ball when he was first examined.

As to the truth of the accounts, Cases 2, 3, and 4 are reasonably well reported. There was little to say about them after stating the facts. The aggravating ball was out of the way in two of them, and if Stubs chose to keep the ball in his

foot it was his own business. The account of Case 1, however, is altogether reportorial. Beyond the facts that the sergeant was seriously wounded in the abdomen and that he recovered, almost the whole thing is manufactured. This is what happened if he got into a good hospital or was attended by experienced men in private. He was in a condition known surgically as "shock;" that is, he was pale, cold, nervous, and almost pulseless. For this, stimulants in small quantity and ammonia in bearable form were given. Whilst the nurses were rapidly and without confusion getting the means ready for applying external heat and counter-irritation, the surgeon examined the patient. He saw there was a wound of entrance only. The chances, therefore, were that the ball had passed on and was lodged somewhere in the body, and this opinion was confirmed in the sergeant's case by the serious general symptoms.

These latter symptoms must be distinguished from those of nervous exaggeration dependent upon temperament, for the ball may possibly have struck and dropped out, or it may have penetrated but a short distance and be within easy reach. With his educated touch the surgeon finds out all these things in a few moments, and at the same time gains a knowledge of the direction of the wound. If the opening will admit of it, he gently introduces his finger, and can detect and remove splinters of bone, pieces of clothing, sometimes part of the contents of a pocket, and maybe the bullet itself. If there is reason for it, he is justified in enlarging the wound with a knife to aid him in removing whatever is harmful. If there is hemorrhage, he arrests it, if possible, by various means. Should the direction of the wound point to a superficial course, he examines the whole surface of the body carefully and quickly with both eyes and hand, and extracts the bullet if found. Should the penetration be deep and the finger or a blunt probe pass into a cavity or unmistakably touch some internal organ, a full knowledge is gained for future guidance, and all operative interference is for the



present suspended, unless, as is sometimes the case, the ball should be lying in a position from which it may be readily removed, one source of irritation thus being out of the way, but a trifling one, often, compared to the injuries which it inflicted in its course. After this, the patient is treated on what are known as general principles, the details of which are many and not necessary to mention here. During the progress of the case occasion may arise at any moment for operative interference,—for example, to arrest hemorrhage, to give free vent to discharges, to remove dead or foreign matters, and possibly the bullet. In this latter event the reporter and the public seem to be satisfied; but, desirable as it is, it by no means necessarily releases the patient from danger. That the ordinary ball is an irritant poison of itself and must be got rid of at all risks is a very general idea, in which there is no truth whatever. That the ball may become indirectly an irritant poison by causing the surrounding structures to decompose, and thus produce septic or poison fever, is a fact which calls for its removal, if possible, and justifies the taking of great risks. That the ball may become encysted and remain in a safe place and perfectly harmless through the rest of a long life, is also a fact. By "encysted" the surgeon means that it is surrounded by a dense and impassive membrane, which shuts it off and keeps it from irritating the neighboring parts. I have seen a ball taken from the liver after death, where it must have been embedded for many years and had nothing to do with the fatal disease of the patient. The insolubility of the ball when it becomes encysted has much to do with its harmlessness. The physiological or healthy actions of life go on around it, just as a small boulder lying in the bed of a brook allows the stream to flow onward about its base or over it, according to its measure of fulness. As ages are required for the ripple to make any impression on the stone, so the delicate stream of life makes but little on the lead; and thus we can understand how a ball may lie quietly embedded for years,

or for life, provided it is in a safe place. It may thus be buried harmlessly in muscle, in connective tissue, in some of the internal organs, and sometimes, though rarely, in bone. The joints, the bladder, the windpipe, always resent its presence.

In passing I will state that this insolubility of certain substances explains why powder-stains after explosion accidents remain for life if the grains are not picked out. It is also the reason of the permanence of tattooing, as the little carbonaceous granules of the inks that are pricked into the skin are not soluble in the juices of the body. In fact, each powder-grain and each molecule of carbon are microscopic bullets, around and between which the vital streams are moving.

The surgeon, then, does not always and of necessity operate for the bullet at once in a case of gunshot wound. He nearly always forms a good idea of its direction and about where it is, if he cannot positively feel or locate it; and he always gets it, if he can,—provided that in the getting of it he does not inflict a greater damage, or risk the life or limb of the patient to a greater degree, than he would by letting it alone. Great things are done by surgeons in operating for the removal of foreign bodies. No one can say what greater things may yet be done. Antiseptic surgery and electric tests to locate the offenders may yet work marvels, but they will never rid us of the fact that in by far the greater number of serious cases of gunshot wounds it is the mischief that the ball has done in its course which more nearly concerns the patient and surgeon than the situation of the ball itself.

*II.—That after trephining a silver plate is fitted into the opening made in the skull.*

This is a very prevalent fallacy,—indeed, so far as I can judge by inquiry, almost a universal one, both among the learned and unlearned, and, I am sorry to say, even with some medical men—not surgeons—it obtains place. Many

can call to mind the fact particularly impressed upon them in youth of having had this or that person pointed out to them as one who wore a silver plate in his head. They have accepted what was told them on faith, and, never doubting it, have told it to others, who received it in the same spirit. The most singular part of the matter is that there is no truth whatever in the statement, and the foundation for it has very little to rest upon in the history of surgery.

My attention was directed to this curious subject by the following incident. A prominent member of the medical profession, one also widely known in business and social circles, received by accident a compound fracture of the skull, which required in its treatment the use of the trephine. I was absent from the city at the time, and happened to be in Newport at the house of a friend when the mail arrived. "Ah, doctor," said my friend, "here is a letter from ——" (a gentleman nearly connected with the wounded man's family by marriage): "now we shall learn all about Dr. ——'s case and how he is getting on."

The letter was almost entirely devoted to the absorbing subject, and in an absolutely unqualified way the writer concluded his description with these words: "A silver plate now occupies the seat of injury." I at once exclaimed, "There's no silver plate there." My friend looked pitifully at me, and doubtless thought I was a presumptuous man for so flatly denying what came, it might be said, directly from the home of the patient himself. Bets were spoken of; but, as neither of us indulged in that way, no wagers were laid. Besides, as I was on the side of certainty, and knew it, the bet would have been off, or I should have lost, I don't know which.

As a hospital surgeon I have had as many as twenty cases of compound fracture of the skull, many requiring the use of the trephine, during six months' service, and, as these services occur every year, how many I have had altogether I do not know. I have no doubt some of the poor fellows operated upon are going about under the full belief that

they have silver plates in their heads. The statement in Dr. ——'s case, coming from such a source, was so impressed upon me that on my return home I determined to look into the history of trephining and find out, if possible, the origin of the notion referred to. But first I called upon Mr. Gemrig, the well-known instrument-maker. I said, "Mr. Gemrig, how long have you been in business?"

"Forty years."

"Have you ever been called upon to make any plate of gold, silver, or other metal, of rubber, gutta-percha, or anything else, to fill the opening made by a trephine or by the removal of pieces of the skull?"

"Never once. I have never even been called upon to make an outside protection or shield, which is sometimes used."

I asked Dr. Ruschenberger, of the navy, whose many years of service where hard knocks are given and taken should make him an authority, what he knew about silver plates.

"Nothing; but I remember," said he, "that one old salt who had been trephined used to wear a wig, and he cut a hole in it corresponding to the hole in his skull, and inserted a piece of leather, which he considered would be a better protection."

I called upon a distinguished professor of surgery. He knew nothing of silver plates; but he was sorry to say he had had to reject a student who came up for final examination on account of them. This student's knowledge must have been obtained in his pre-medical days, for when the professor asked him, "What do you do with the opening in the skull made by a trephine?" he promptly replied, "Insert a silver plate, sir."

"How do you keep it there?"

"With screws, sir." Exit.

I heard of a silver plate worn by a man in Lancaster County, but found on inquiry that it was merely used as an outside protection and was not at all a necessity.

I then went to books. As Velpeau says, the history of the operation of trephining is "lost in the night of time."

Hippocrates gives a long account of it, but says nothing of the plate. Barbarous tribes seem to have practised trephining on their enemies, and to have worn the skulls as trophies, suspended by the use of the holes made in them. I have read of the Northmen trephining for sanitary causes, it is supposed, as skulls have been found giving such indications.

In the olden times trephining was much more common than it is now. John Bell says, "Godifredus, chief surgeon to the States of Holland, mentions with particular exultation the performance of this operation by his friend, who trepanned the cranium of the Count of Nassau twenty-seven times, and, that the fact might be established by indisputable authority, he made the said Count of Nassau, after he was recovered, write the following curious certificate on the 12th of August, 1664: 'I, the underwritten Philip, Count Nassau, hereby declare that Mr. Henry Chadborn did trepan me in the skull twenty-seven times, and after that did cure me well and soundly.'" But there is no mention of silver plates, which, in this case, would have given us a beautiful piece of osseous inlaying or royal repoussé.

The plate idea seems to have been a resort of charlatans, for hear what Ambrose Paré says, as translated by Johnson (London, 1649). After speaking of leather which may be laid over the affected place as a protector, he writes, "Now, I think good in this place to lay open the deceit and craft of some imposters, falsely stiling themselves Chirurgeons, who, when they are called to cure wounds of the head wherein any part of the skull is lost, perswade the patient and his friends that they must put a plate of gold in the place of the skull which is wanting. Wherefore they hammer it in the presence of the patient, and turn it divers ways, and apply it to the part, the better to fit it; but, presently after, they slyly convey it into their purses, and so leave the patient thus counsed. Others brag that they are able to put the dry rind of a gourd into the place of the lost bone and fasten it on to defend the part, and thus they

grossly abuse those who are ignorant in the art. For this is so far from being done that nature will not suffer nor endure so much as an haire or any other small body to be shut up in a wound when it is cicatrized; neither is the reason alike of a leaden bullet, which, shot into the body, lies there for many years without harm to the patient, for, although lead have a certain familiarity with a man's body, yet it is at length (unless the density of the opposed flesh, ligament, tendon, or some other such like substance hinder) thrust forth by nature, impatient of all strange bodies." Here we have the encysted and the free bullet spoken of in the first fallacy.

Velpeau alludes to the gold plates of Nuchæ and Belloste as "forgotten," but does not say what they were for. Probably they were for external protection, or it may be that their inventors used them in the rascally way which Paré so strongly denounces.

Besides Velpeau, I have searched the writings of the following authors of later date to find if they had anything to say about the insertion of silver plates or were in any way responsible for the popular idea: Sir Astley Cooper, Liston, Fergusson, Erichsen, Miller, Pierre, Gibson, Ashhurst, Hamilton, Holmes, Gross, H. H. Smith, Agnew, Bryant, Chelius. Not one of them deigns to give the insertion-idea even a notice. The first ten do not even allude to the necessity or advisability of a protection of metal or other substance to be worn externally. The last five recommend some protection. Smith and Bryant make it discretionary. Thus, the former says, and, no doubt, wisely, "After recovery, the patient may be protected, if the individual is exposed to injury, by using a thick-crowned hat for several months, until ligamentous matter closes the perforation in the bone." Bryant says, "Should the parts heal, a metallic shield will probably be required as a protection, although it is interesting to see how firm the membrane that fills the cavity becomes after a time." Gross and Agnew are more pronounced in advising shields of leather, metal, or gutta-

percha; but I am sure they do this more from tradition- than experience. And Chelius, translated by South, is the only one that says they *must* be worn.

But some one will say, "What, then, is trephining, and what occurs after it is done?" The word is derived from a Greek verb meaning to perforate, and the trephine is a circular perforating saw. Other parts are trephined as well as the skull; but when the operation is mentioned without qualification, it is understood that this is the place meant. The object in perforating the skull is to relieve pressure either from the piece that is sawed out or from something beneath it, or, as is far oftener the case, to get room through the opening made by which small levers and forceps may be used to raise and, if necessary, take away pieces of bone which have been driven down upon the brain by external violence. The surgeon lays back a flap of the scalp, which is quite thick, in order to get at the bone. He then applies his special instruments. He removes what is pressing upon the brain, and takes away everything that might be a source of irritation. Strange things occasionally happen in such operations. Thus, a man completely comatose has been known, on the pressure being removed, to recover his senses and resume a conversation he was engaged in at the time of being injured, which may have been days or even weeks or months before the operation. After the operation is over, the surgeon simply lays back the flap or flaps of skin, and so covers the opening. Nature sets about filling this opening with a ligamentous substitute for bone. If everything goes on well, the patient may be practically as sound as ever, and if everything goes on badly, he dies; but neither in one case nor the other is a silver plate inserted.

### III.—*That in fractures the bone is always "set."*

That this should be done, if possible, there is no doubt. That it is generally not done is a matter of fact. This is very dangerous ground for a surgeon to speak popularly about, for fear of being

misunderstood. The fallacy is that the broken limb is always forced into exact position and held there, just as pieces of wood are spliced, lead pipes soldered, or iron welded. The fact is that the splicing and soldering and welding of broken bones are matters of time, and often of very long time. In ordinary or simple fractures the surgeon has no direct access to the bone itself, as the mechanic has to the impassive wood, lead, or iron. Indeed, when he has such access, by the nature of the accident, it is bad both for the patient and himself, for the injury is then what is called compound, and is far more likely to end in impaired use, deformity, and loss of limb or life than the others. Again, all disturbing surroundings may be taken away from the wood, the iron, and the lead, and the mechanic may mend them at his pleasure. Thus, if the piston-rod or any of the levers of an engine are broken, the steam is shut off and the parts are taken out to be repaired or renewed. On the other hand, all the moving forces, where the human levers, the bones, are broken, are present in ordinary cases, and most irregularly active. These forces are the muscles, and they rebel against the new relations, and for a while are the plague of the surgeon, because they distort things in every possible direction. After a time, however, when the surgeon who understands his business gets them under control and their excessive irritability is conquered, he has no better friends or better splints and cushions than they are to aid him in bringing about a good result.

Now, some fractures are absolutely "set," and remain so until recovery; but this is rather the exception than the rule. Others, again, rarely or never get well without more or less deformity, which, however, may not interfere at all with the subsequent use of the part. And, again, perfect cures are often obtained by a gradual process of moulding and adjusting. No surgeon can give a positive opinion as to what is going to be the future result as to use in cases of bad fracture involving the large joints. The parts around the broken bone have



to be taken care of as well as the bone itself,—that is, the circulation must be kept up in them, or they will die, together with the bone.

Hence, often, in bad cases the surgeon cannot think of applying any forcible retaining apparatus at once, but he puts the parts in as good a position as possible, and applies his remedies and uses other methods to bring about a healthy condition, so that the permanent dressings may be borne. Then the cry goes round that Dr. — has not “set” the limb. What does it mean? The fact is that the limb sometimes in these cases may be very well set, even without any retaining aids except the bed and pillows upon which it is resting; and many most satisfactory results are brought about in this way. A thorough knowledge of anatomy, and of the relations and functions of parts, and of the fact, apparent to the surgeon’s educated eye and hand, that things are going on rightly or not, is of far greater importance to him than anything else. It is in the cases I have just alluded to that the surgeon is sometimes spoken of as “doing nothing for his patient,” when in fact he is applying the highest principles of medical science to the particular case, and with this knowledge he uses splints, bandages, and other dressings, movable or fixed, according to his judgment, and so “sets” everything in order for the best attainable results.

*IV.—That nature is perfect in her workings and always salutary.*

“After all, you can do nothing but assist nature: is it not so, doctor?” How often this is asserted or put as a question, and almost as often thoughtlessly assented to! Nature is certainly very beneficent in disease as well as in health; but let us see what a bill of indictment may be brought against her in disease and injury, and so learn whether the doctor’s only business is to assist her. Nature is as blind as justice, and obstinately goes on her course regardless of consequences, in the external world as well as in the human body.

As in the external world destruction accompanies her path, in storm, light-

ning, fire, and flood, so in disease or injury we often find her working the greatest mischief. It may be said that disease is not nature, and that it is through violations of nature that it exists. Well, this is a question; but it appears to me that a comprehensive view teaches us that we have to take the bad with the good. Disease-germs are as much a product of nature as healing balms, the rattlesnake as much one of her developments as the lamb. She “acts by general, not by partial, laws.” Mah’s greatest triumphs are gained in his efforts to subdue her and bend her to his purposes. The medical mind of the present day, in its study of disease, is largely engaged in searching for methods to stamp out its living—that is, natural—sources.

But to our special indictment. In injury or disease it is one of the operations of nature to throw out plastic or formative material for the purpose of repair,—that is, matter capable of being worked up into structures similar to those which have been destroyed. Beneficent as this function is, see how blindly nature does it. Let us begin at the top. In those cases of depressed fracture of the skull which were spoken of in discussing the fallacy about trephining, nature, if not altogether stopped, begins her destructive work. She does not seem to know that the brain is there, but heedlessly, by the blood-vessels her carriers, she brings up the material and casts it out, regardless of the fact that she is increasing the pressure upon and destroying a more important part of the building than that which she is trying to restore. It is not only the pressure that is the trouble, but the material, incapable of being used, spoils, and forms abscesses which undermine the very foundation of the building, and so the whole structure collapses in death. When nature in disease invades other portions of the brain, she often causes great trouble, and, as if in derision, or fearful that the world may not see her workings while thus encased, she expresses it outwardly in grim forms of facial palsy or in trembling and useless limbs.



It is to the eye that nature, under certain conditions, is especially unkind. When the iris—the beautiful automatic curtain which regulates the size of the pupil, the open window to the brain—is diseased or injured, nature, blinder than the organ she is seeking to repair, brings up her material, and, like a careless builder, empties the mortar directly in the highway of light. Thus the open borders of the curtain are glued together, and darkness comes on apace. Nature here is a visible and most dangerous enemy, whom the doctor tries his best to subdue. Other parts of the eye are sometimes attacked in the same way and with the same results, but no injuries are regarded with more solicitude than those which affect the iris.

Nature pays little regard to the function of hearing when by some mishap her attention is called to the ear. She brings up her load and will thicken one's tympanum or stop his Eustachian tubes on very slight provocation. In the same way she will swell the membranes of the nostrils and make great respiratory discomfort. The mouth, being roomy, open, and combative, can mostly take pretty good care of itself; but the poor throat often has a hard time of it. The soft palate, thickened and flabby through too much of nature's product having been poured into it, falls on the top of the windpipe and makes one almost cough his head off in abortive attempts to get rid of the irritation. The tonsils, right in the portals to the stomach and lungs, swell up from an oversupply of the same material and interfere with swallowing and breathing. But of all the blindness of nature's doings, here is the blindest. In most of the cases already mentioned some apology might be made for her, for she interferes with the best intentions and simply overdoes it. Now we have her in the larynx and trachea, or windpipe, intruding where she is not wanted for any good purpose whatever, but where she is most particularly destructive in her attentions. She blocks up these passages to the lungs with a profusion of her products, and by membranous croup

shows that she is as capable of destroying as of building.

And so she goes on through the chest and abdomen, throwing out her material often with good intent and often miserably failing. Thus, she clogs the lungs, thickens the heart-valves, and binds down the pleura and pericardium, sometimes patching up her damages, but at other times breaking down in the attempt, and expressing her sorrow in tears of pus and corruption. In the abdomen she makes the same efforts,—gluing the membranes and intestines together,—at times for good, but equally often for evil. I will not fill up a bill of particulars as to this region or that of the pelvis, but the count could be made fearfully strong by doing so. I will specify one thing, and that is her behavior in ruptures, or hernias, when they are strangulated. Here her conduct is very bad. With her accustomed blindness she throws out her plastic or gluing material to defend what stays in its place, but is wholly regardless of what has been thrust out of position, which is the very part that needs her care. This, if she is not stopped by the surgeon, she grasps more and more tightly, until at last mortification ensues, and then death; or, if life is preserved, a condition follows compared to which death is preferable.

Now let us go to the limbs. When a delicate child—or, it may be, even a strong one—gets a severe blow upon the hip by a fall or otherwise, what does nature do? The child may get well through rest, but too often insidious disease begins its mischief and nature makes an abortive attempt to stop it. Months and years of pain are endured, and in the end, if the patient gets well, it is with lasting deformity; which nature sometimes brags about as one of her healing works. Nature let alone about the spine, the limbs, and the joints when they are the subjects of disease or injury twists and distorts them in the most ungainly way, and often makes them utterly useless. The surgeon frequently tries to stop her by severing tendons, sawing and breaking bones, and tearing through the bands of her ubiqui-

tous plastic matter which now she has cast into the joints. Sometimes, from the results which occasionally follow his efforts, he is accused of being an accessory after the fact to many of her misdeeds; but he would deserve to be most severely punished if on all occasions he confessed himself an accomplice and acknowledged that his business was to do nothing but assist her.

*V.—That doctors disagree.*

That is, that they disagree more than other people, and so justify the proverb. The so-called disagreements of doctors are in most instances merely the same kinds of differences of opinion that obtain in every other walk of life. In most cases there is no real difference of opinion at all. Discussions involving the use of technical terms meaning almost if not quite the same thing, and about which most of the laity are very ignorant but upon which they nearly all profess to be well informed, are magnified into serious discrepancies. Medicine would be a very "fixed science" indeed if there were no conflict of opinion about it; and it is strange to note that those who deny that it is entitled to be called a science seem most to wonder at the assumed disagreements.

But the fact is that in medicine science is not what people are after. They want to be cured, and look on the doctor as one whose only business is to cure them. On the other hand, the successful doctor is shy of too much science for his patients, for he learns that it will not always do to come out bluntly with the truth, and science is truth. For example, nothing is more common than for people to say that "the doctors know nothing about consumption," meaning thereby that they cannot cure it. The trouble is with the scientific and conscientious doctor that he knows too much about it. If he did not know so much, he would oftener promise to cure it. Science has told him better, and, while he follows the ravages of the disease with astonishing exactness, he is for the most part only able to check them for a time or to re-

lieve the sufferings which they occasion. At last the disease destroys one of the three essential props of life, the lungs,—the heart and the medulla oblongata being the other legs of the tripod,—and the structure falls.

Mr. Erichsen has discussed this subject so well that I quote from him. After alluding to a certain class of questions that are frequently put, he says, "It is as unreasonable to complain of the uncertainty of medical science because such questions as these cannot be answered with absolute or even proximate precision as it would be to complain of engineering science because any given number of engineers might, and certainly would, differ if they were required to say how many miles an axle with a flaw in it could run without breaking down. Were public discrepancies of opinion confined to the members of the medical profession, it would be a lamentable circumstance, and one which might justly be supposed to indicate something deficient in judgment or wrong in the morale of its members. But when we look around us and inquire into the conduct of members of other professions we shall find that in every case in which the question at issue cannot be referred to the rigid rules of exact science, whether it be one of engineering, of law, of politics, or of religion, the same conflict of opinion will, and does, as a matter of necessity, exist, and the same subjects and same phenomena will present themselves in very varying aspects to the minds of different individuals,—conflict of opinion being the inevitable result."

Questions involving the widest differences of opinion and often most positive disagreement arise on all sides. The controversies of the doctors are trifling compared to those which come up as to questions of law, politics, finance, mechanics, and, above all, as to religion. Decisions are reversed. Revolutions arise, and rulers are changed. Revenue methods are established, laughed at, upset, and re-established. In mechanics what errors!

Denn die Elemente haben  
Das Gebild der Menschenhand.

Ast to religion, who can picture the persecutions, bloodshed, tortures, and sufferings which have been endured through the disagreements of those invoking her name?

Now for the results that are the outcome of all this disagreeing. If we apply the numerical method to the three "learned professions,"—law, physic, and divinity,—we shall find that physic comes out far ahead. A mortality that indicates an ordinary healthy condition ranges in the country and in large cities from one and a half to three per cent. annually. Even in large hospitals, where all but the attendants are sick, and where many die within a few hours of their admission,—that is, are simply brought in to die, and yet are counted,—an annual death-rate of from eight to twelve per cent. will cover the loss. Now compare these statistics with those of the legal profes-

sion. As every case that requires judicial decision has disagreeing advocates on each side, and as one side or the other must lose, it follows, mathematically, that the lawyers lose fifty per cent. of their cases,—a sad showing for those who should dwell together in unity; for we are told that law is the perfection of reason, and yet we see that one-half of the reasoners inevitably fail. We have no reliable returns as to the other profession. We may form, however, some idea of the calculation it would take to make up an average, when we consider that the column of figures would include those of the Universalist with his one hundred per cent., or all, saved, down to the all, save less than ten righteous, consigned by the Calvinist to the Hades of the New Version.

WILLIAM HUNT, M.D.

### THE DEWS.

WE come and go, as the breezes blow;  
 But whence, or where,  
 Hath ne'er been told in the legends old  
 By the dreaming seer.  
 The welcome rain to the parching plain  
 And the languid leaves,  
 The rattling hail on the burnished mail  
 Of the serried sheaves,  
 The silent snow on the wintry brow  
 Of the aged year,  
 Wends each his way, in the track of day,  
 Through the atmosphere:  
 But, still as the fog in the dismal bog,  
 Where the shifting sheen  
 Of the spectral lamp lights the marshes damp  
 With a flash unseen,  
 We drip through the night from the starlids bright  
 On the sleeping flowers,  
 And deep in their breast is our perfumed rest  
 Through the darkened hours;  
 But again with the day we are up and away,  
 With our stolen dyes,  
 To paint all the shrouds of the drifting clouds  
 In the western skies.

JOHN B. TABB.

## CROOKED WAYS.

LIKE a good many other young men, —and women too, for that matter, —I was once badly afflicted with *cacoëthes scribendi*. Of course greater evils might have befallen me: I might have been seized with a passion for whiskey or gambling; but, still, my *cacoëthes scribendi* was serious enough. During my college days the symptoms showed themselves plainly; but the malady did not really assume its true and awful proportions until after I had taken my degree. Then, forsooth, it fastened upon me like a leech, and before many months elapsed it overmastered me completely. In accordance with my mother's wish, I went to Dundas, ostensibly to read law with my uncle, but it was a mere pretence of law-reading, for the mornings that I ought to have spent over Blackstone were devoted to the composition of a novel and the afternoons to the polishing of some poems. Uncle Dick shook his head gravely and remonstrated, sometimes in sadness and sometimes in anger.

"That scribbling will never amount to anything," he would say contemptuously. This was hard to bear; but my lofty aspirations sustained me, and, firm in my belief of ultimate success, I scribbled on and ever, and bombarded all the magazines in the country with my manuscripts. The magazines did not open their columns to me, and I fell back at last upon the weekly newspapers, and especially upon the *Boston Weekly Palladium*. That journal printed my essays, and a certain assistant editor, whose initials were "F. B. S.," sent me polite notes from time to time. It was something to see my productions in print; it would have been more had these productions once in a while brought in a check. But they never did: they elicited only polite notes from F. B. S. Finally, I wrote a letter to the assistant editor upon the subject, and by return post I received a reply. It was sent to my private box at the post-office, but, to my great amuse-

ment, was directed to "Jane Bell," instead of "John." My handwriting was not very distinct, and perhaps a trifle feminine, and the signature, upon which I rather prided myself, certainly left it an open question whether John or Jane were meant. The note, too, began,—

"MISS BELL,—In reply to your question, I would say that this journal pays only its regular corps of writers. We are glad to receive your articles, and perhaps later may make adequate compensation therefor; but, as a young writer, it would be wiser for you to think at present only of securing a foothold. You have an excellent chance of success in the end; but much patience is necessary at the outset.

"Please say whether I shall direct future communications to John Bell, Miss Bell, or Mrs. Bell. At present I do not venture to give you any title.

"Very truly yours,

"F. B. SCREVEN."

This letter at once amused and piqued me. It was pleasant and rather encouraging, but it was plain the writer set me down as an impecunious young woman, whereas the truth was I had a very fair income of my own, and was a six-foot, moustached specimen of masculinity. The idea of playing the rôle of Miss Jane Bell tickled my fancy, and therefore, giving my imagination free rein, upon the spur of the moment I sat down and wrote as follows:

"F. B. SCREVEN,—At present I also am in a quandary, for I do not know whether I ought to address you as Madame, Monsieur, or Mademoiselle. The last title is mine just now, although of course I feel at liberty to change it when I choose, or rather when the proper opportunity offers itself. Perhaps matrimony would be a more profitable speculation than literature. Do

not, however, suppose that I am dependent upon my pen for my bread and butter. In that case, I fear, the butter would be very thin indeed. No; the fates have given me most of the luxuries of life; but these, of course, do not satisfy me. The reason why I wrote as I did about payment for my articles was simply because I thought if they were good enough to print they were good enough to be paid for. It seems I was mistaken; but, to show you that I take your advice, I send you another essay. I will at least try to secure a foothold, and pray that greater success may follow.

"I am, dear Madame, Monsieur, or Mademoiselle Screven,

"Sincerely yours,  
"JANE BELL."

Laughing in my sleeve, I sent this communication off, and planned that, if the assistant editor sent me a friendly reply, I would open a correspondence in my rôle of Miss Jane Bell and fool F. B. Screven as never man had been fooled before. Judge, then, of my dismay when I received a letter in what I knew was Screven's writing, but not written on office paper, and signed Frances Bertram Screven. "A woman, by Jove!" I exclaimed there and then in the post-office, whereat a small boy, who was standing nigh, nearly swallowed in astonishment the postage-stamp he was carefully licking. I thrust the letter in my pocket and did not read it until I was safely at home. Thus the missive ran:

"DEAR MISS BELL,—Your piquant letter prompts me to write you a reply, not as an assistant editor, but as a woman like yourself, who is toiling up the steep path that leads to Parnassus. I might have known you were a woman, and a young one at that, because, although there is a touch of masculine strength in your essays and poems, still there is, too, a sweetness that is only feminine. I think that women more often have this flavor of masculinity than men have anything of that tenderness which is essentially and purely feminine. Were I in a position of authority, I should

very soon dismiss the cut-and-dried hack-writers whose contributions, although smooth and polished, lack the freshness, the spontaneity, which is characteristic of the contributions we sometimes receive from unknown writers, and notably from you. But, you see, I am merely an assistant editor, and a person of no consequence at all, except as I am useful to do the work, all the glory of which goes to the distinguished individuals whose names are emblazoned at the head of the paper. There! that sounds bitter, I am afraid; but, my dear Miss Bell, the fates have not been so kind to me as to you, and it is not for fame I write, but for the wherewithal to keep me fed and clothed. What makes it perhaps harder is that I have known what it is to have my bread and butter fresh and sweet,—ay, and honey with it, too,—and therefore the thin slices that are doled out to me now taste the drier by comparison.

"Forgive me for boring you with so much about myself. Pray write to me again. Your luxurious stationery, with the faint, delicate perfume pervading it, is in itself a delight.

"Sincerely yours,  
"MISS FRANCES BERTRAM SCREVEN."

As I read this letter I felt myself a scoundrel. My first impulse was to write a letter of confession to Miss Screven; but the desire to keep up the correspondence and try my hand at composing letters that should be sweetly feminine overcame my scruples, and I sent off the following reply:

"DEAR MISS SCREVEN,—Instead of boring me, the glimpse you gave me of your life interested me more than I can tell. But, at the same time, the contrast between your life and mine made me envious. Perhaps your lot is a hard one, but it is at least brave and independent. Here am I, an only daughter, petted and spoiled to a shameful degree, and bound by fetters of luxury. Yes, I envy you. Sitting here this morning in my silly pink-curtained boudoir, with a Dresden shepherdess simpering at me



from the top of my *escritoire*, I feel my idle, luxurious life hemming me in and overpowering me, as the perfume of tuberoses makes heavy and sickening the atmosphere of a room that should be flung open to the fresh air and sunshine. I would change places with you to-day if I could."

When I reached this point of my letter, I read over approvingly what I had written. Arrived at the lines descriptive of my imaginary boudoir, I smiled as my glance fell upon a boot-jack in one corner and the shaving-apparatus in another. Glancing at the place where the Dresden shepherdess ought to have been, my eye fell instead upon a pipe, which I took down and filled, and then resumed my writing with considerable complacency:

"This may sound to you rather school-girlish, and I may as well confess that it is not many years—perhaps months would be more accurate—since I left the precincts of a finishing-school. Finishing-school, indeed! Much I learned there besides the art of doing up my hair! However, the defects of my education I must remedy myself, and I try every day to devote a few hours to serious study. But it is very hard to seclude myself long enough to accomplish anything. People call; I must go to garden-parties; I must drive out with my mother; I must hold solemn conclave with the milliner and dress-maker: in short, I have constant demands of a most frivolous nature upon my time.

"All this you will probably laugh at; and, lest I write yet more foolishly, I will bring this letter to a close. If you are not quite disgusted with me, do write again soon.

"Faithfully yours,  
"JANE BELL."

I may as well confess that I thought this letter a successful imitation of some of the epistles that I had myself received from feminine hands. It sounded enthusiastic and very "missish," and I sent it off that afternoon with a bold heart.

"Jack," quoth my uncle, who met me as I came from the post-office, "I verily believe you are making an ass of

yourself over some girl. I don't believe it is the muses you are courting: it is no muse; it is a miss." And with this he passed on, chuckling at his own wit.

As the days went on, however, my uncle's words seemed in a fair way to prove true. I thought only of Miss Screven. My novel I left untouched, and my rhyming dictionary accumulated dust slowly, but surely. Fled were my visions of astonishing the world with my genius. I lived only for the mail from Boston.

As I re-read the letters I received from Miss Screven, I can make some excuse for my infatuation. They were frank and outspoken, and sometimes, indeed, tinged with cynicism; but through them there breathed a sympathy, a tenderness, that touches me even now as I read them over. Finally, at my solicitation, she sent me her photograph, which showed her to be a regular-featured, large-eyed woman, of rather a serious cast of countenance indeed, but with a lurking smile in the mouth that I could not but confess was a large one. She was not a beauty, I saw that, but she had an earnest, interesting face, that grew upon me every day.

Little by little I gave myself up to thoughts of her by day and dreams of her by night. Her letters I awaited with a feverish impatience, and if one were delayed I was in a torment. I make no excuses for my folly, dear sir or madam; but pray do not forget that I was only one-and-twenty then, and had fed myself plentifully with novels and poetry. And this was my first love! Coventry Patmore says in one of his poems,—

Well, heaven be thanked, my first love failed,  
As, heaven be thanked, all first loves do!

This was a sentiment I could not echo, for at that time it seemed to me that if I were separated from my fair unseen sweetheart life would be stale, flat, and unprofitable.

The correspondence was kept up all the summer and autumn; but in December there befell what was to me an awful calamity. Miss Screven did not write. I sent imploring letter after letter, but no response gladdened me.

"Has she jilted you?" said Uncle Dick heartlessly, when he noted my pale face. In truth, I could not sleep nor eat; I was consumed with fear and anxiety. What could have befallen her?

I endured it for just ten days, and then I packed my satchel and went to Boston. Bah! what a day it was when I arrived there! It had snowed a little, and then a thin, cold rain began to drizzle down despairingly. The weather suited me better than the garish splendor of the hotel, and I wandered forth that evening, half-unconsciously wending my way toward the street in which Miss Screven boarded. I found myself opposite the house. From an upper window a light struggled faintly between the closed shutters and thrilled me through and through. Perhaps she was there, ill and alone, uncared for, save by the mercenary landlady, or, worse still, by a slatternly servant. I went up the steps and rang the bell. A slip of a girl opened the door to me, and I handed her my card, saying mechanically, "Ask Miss Screven if she will see me."

I trusted that the name John Bell would perhaps lead her to suppose that I was a cousin or the father of her friend.

The slip of a servant-maid looked at the card and then looked at me. "Frances Screven?" she said interrogatively.

"Yes," I replied. Then I took the card, ran my pencil through the engraved name, and scrawled my illegible signature below it. The servant took the card again and skurried away, leaving me standing there in the cold, dark entry.

It was several minutes before she reappeared, and then it was only to say in a sing-song tone, "Three flights up; first door to the right."

I went up the three flights and rapped at the first door to the right.

A voice called out, "Come in."

I entered a medium-sized, plainly-furnished room that was redolent of tobacco, with which was mingled a faint smell of whiskey. There were two arm-chairs, a large table, covered with a faded cloth, and an old-fashioned horse-hair lounge,

from which, as I entered, a young man rose. He was thin and hollow-eyed, and a beard of several days' growth made him look, to say the least, unkempt. "Mr. Bell, I presume," he said, offering me his hand and then drawing up a chair for me.

"I have called to see Miss Screven," said I.

"Have you, indeed?" he replied in a nasty, sneering way.

It flashed through me at once. It was her husband! She had deceived me!

"May I ask if you are any relation to Miss Jane Bell, of Dundas, Washington County, New York, post-office box 462?" he continued, in the same sneering way.

I stuttered and stammered, tried to lie, and nearly choked myself to death. I wanted to be diplomatic; I wanted to shield her from his anger.

"Who the devil are you, anyway?" he exclaimed.

"I—I am John Bell," I answered; "and I have called to see your sister. Is she ill?"

"I haven't any sister," said he nonchalantly; "that is, I am my own sister, and she has just escaped pneumonia."

The truth flashed upon me. "You are an impostor, sir!" I exclaimed.

"Your sister doesn't think so," said he complacently.

"I haven't any sister," said I, in my turn.

He wheeled sharply about: "Who is Miss Bell, then?"

"I am all the Miss Bell that exists," I answered grimly.

"What!" he exclaimed; "you are the petted darling who wanted to be a poet and an essayist and Lord only knows what all? You are the only child of wealthy parents? You are the lovely creature who sits in a pink boudoir and writes verses with a gold pen and on perfumed paper?"

"Yes," said I desperately.

Screven dropped into a chair and roared. "A sell all round!" said he. And then he laughed until he cried, while I quietly stole away back to the hotel, a sadder but a wiser man.

CHARLES DUNNING.

## THE PRESIDENCY.

IT is not expected that this paper will be favorably received by those who follow the trade of politics, or by those who care more for persons and districts than for the whole people and the whole country. The remedy it proposes for some of our political ills is so radical, the ills and the remedy form a subject so big, that the conclusions reached can hardly be accompanied by such a complete and systematic statement of facts as would necessarily warrant the conclusions. A more thorough discussion would involve too many words for these pages. The writer must deal mainly in mere assertions, or in facts too well understood to be questioned, and be content to suggest rather than prove.

With the contested election of Mr. Hayes began an unusual consideration of the perplexities that may surround the making of a President. Plenty of plans sprang up for removing these in the future, but all have come to naught,—as they will continue to do. The assassination of his successor has lent additional interest to everything affecting the Presidential office.

It is an office which began with a Washington, which has been baptized in the blood of Lincoln and Garfield. It is dear to American hearts. It has also been occupied by a Tyler, a Buchanan, and a Johnson, of whom it must at least be said that they failed to justify their election. As a personal reward for the purest, ablest, best men of the country, is it a success? It must be judged in this respect by the average and not by the exceptional occupant. If in this respect it be a success, still, do we maintain offices in this country as personal rewards? Theoretically, we do not. And we know that the prize of nomination is generally as uncertain as that of a lottery.

Not to undo the work of "the fathers," but to perfect it, is our wish. The end they kept in view will ever be our end.

The foundation they laid is inviolate, but it is only a foundation. How best to achieve in this time of steam, electricity, expansion, and evolution what they achieved well in a simpler time is a question to be answered anew, in the light of the vast growth and complex conditions that continually crowd upon us. It is a question of business expediency, and not of republican principles, which is here presented. Instead of impairing the liberties of the people, we would take an important step toward their better preservation. Instead of crippling the executive branch of their general government, we would simplify and improve it. Instead of straying further from the spirit of the fathers, we would check the growing departure.

Our Presidency has become a load which one man can really carry only by being either a figure-head or an autocrat. We want neither. We want simply the best transaction of the executive business. As a matter of fact, in actual practice, the average President is half figure-head and half autocrat. What will he be—and the time is near—when a hundred million busy people fill the land? He will be very honorable and ornamental, no doubt; but he will be as useless in the real business of government as royalty is in England, or else as iron-heeled as Cæsarism is in Russia.

Nearly a hundred years ago, when republicanism here was new, and royalty had scarcely vanished, and the puny departments were to be given shape, and the peerless hero of the Revolution, who had served without pay, deserved a peerless recognition, it was natural and well to begin a line of Presidents with him. But now the press, the telegraph, and the Cabinet are sufficient to enlighten Congress. Courtly airs are no longer impressive. The perfected departments, when permitted to do so, reduce the average President to a listener, an automaton, and a dispenser of patronage.

He comes and goes every four years, but the departments go on forever,—if he has the good sense not to hinder them. It is one of the anomalies of his place that he has nothing to do, and yet his office is a greater burden than he can satisfactorily grasp and carry. He is killed with petty things, with the work of a politician, while there is nothing worthy of his high position which cannot be done just as well without him.

The people for many years have been unconsciously giving their testimony to the fact that something is wrong. They do not seem to know exactly what, and have made the mistake of venting most of their dissatisfaction upon the men who have held the office, without seeing that the greater fault is with the office itself. Mr. Lincoln having been re-elected in the midst of the war, when we were crossing a stream and could not swap horses, and General Grant having been induced to leave a more desirable office on the distinct understanding that he should have two terms of the Presidency, not a President since Andrew Jackson has been re-elected simply on the merits of his administration,—and *he* should not have been. Just what the people expect of their President is hard to say, but, whatever it is, they find out in four years that he does not quite satisfy their expectations. How often does he leave the chair with as many friends as he had when he was shouted into it? What an amount of popular disappointment and disapprobation has marked the closing administrations of the past generation! Of the Presidents whose lives were spared to make a final verdict possible, Mr. Hayes was one of the best, if not the very best, since James Monroe or the second Adams. He was not dramatic, nor magnetic, nor personally remarkable. He may have been prosy and colorless; he may have had some notions that did not improve him; he may have sometimes permitted the letter of reform to supersede the spirit; but, on the whole, he was the most successful President of our day. Yet what following had he when his term was done? It is a common belief

that the people know what they want. Their failure to find a President in forty years whom they would re-elect on the merits of his administration, together with all their criticism of those they tried during that time, would indicate that at least they do not know what Presidents they want. The truth is, they try to fill an office which can no longer be filled to their satisfaction.

We all know the tremendous cost of the office. It is the key to the partisan arena. When the "machine" would go somewhat to pieces in the interest of the people, when nothing else exists to justify the use of the whip, the Presidential question supplies all deficiencies. Every four years, for the period of six months, business is deranged, capital hesitates, hundreds of able-bodied men leave needful pursuits, vast sums of money are directly or indirectly spent, and the country seethes with excitement. Scarcely is all this derangement and loss made good before the caldron begins to bubble again. If the election be like that of Mr. Hayes, if the President's death be like that of Mr. Garfield, the trouble but begins instead of ending at the polls.

The best way to keep out of the quadrennial caldron, to avoid assassination, to escape electoral commissions, to fix the electoral college, to extract the principal fang of partisanship, to save millions of money, to teach the people that office-holding is not the chief end of man, to destroy unworthy ambition, to forestall the "man on horseback," to manage nominating conventions and their disappointments, to purify and expedite the transaction of the executive business, to begin civil-service reform, is to abolish the Presidency.

Still, the burden of maintaining such an office, the popular demoralization and excitement of the elections, the failure of the electoral college to serve its purpose, the difficulty and danger of settling a contested election, the loss to the country of such men as Lincoln and Garfield by assassination, the encouragement to unwarranted partisanship, the quadrennial disturbance of business, the bugbear of a third term, the loss of great reputa-



tions, the disappointments of ambitious rivals, the uncertainty of nominating conventions, the mortification of sometimes electing unworthy or inferior men, the degradation of the greatest officer in the land by making him the greatest dealer in personal rewards and punishments,—all these could be borne if the office were necessary. The reason for making an end of it which is overwhelming when added to all the others is its practical uselessness.

Setting aside for the present all sentiment, and all the party services a President may render, what does he do that could not be as well done by the heads of the seven departments? Nothing that is worth his doing; nothing commensurate with his great position. Give each secretary full authority within his own sphere, make them all responsible directly to the Senate, obtaining their places by a vote of that body (or of both Houses), with seats in one or both when they choose to occupy them, resigning on a vote of want of confidence, and the executive branch of the government would gain in efficiency and purity, without the necessary loss of anything worth saving. There need be no conflict of jurisdiction. The law officer would settle the questions he now does. The Secretary of State would represent the government to foreign representatives. The Secretary of War would be the commander-in-chief of the army. As we have no navy worth mentioning, the navy department might well be consolidated, making the Secretary of War what his title implies, instead of keeping him the civil head of the army alone. But, if a Secretary of the Navy be retained, any possible division of action between the two arms of the service at a time when co-operation is desirable could be prevented by law. The veto might be abolished and the laws be valid without an executive approval; or each might be approved by the head of the department to which it belongs. The annual reports, with their facts, figures, and suggestions, would go directly where they now go circuitously. The chief justice and his associates might be nomi-

nated by a majority vote of the seven executive heads. There is no important and necessary thing that could not be done as well and easily as now.

This elimination of the Presidential office would tend to secure the best administrative talent at the head of each department, and when found it could be kept there. An incompetent or dishonest secretary could not long remain, and a competent one would not be compelled to go as soon as he had learned the details of his department and got well fitted for his business. Traffic and crookedness in executive offices could be more easily checked, for the appointing and removing head of the department would be responsible to a body of grave senators of both parties, instead of being responsible, as now, only to the man who has appointed and retains *him*. As for the responsibility of the President, there is no such thing. Responsibility to the people means nothing. So long as he avoids impeachment and his term lasts, he can do what he likes. And out of fifty millions of people seventy-five thousand of whom are his own political property, he can summon a sufficient number while in power to give a great show of popular approval to anything he may do.

Go over the whole executive field, and everywhere the necessity for a President vanishes as one's knowledge of executive affairs increases. The people will, of course, be slow to believe that he is not necessary. To reach that belief requires a more intimate understanding of departmental business than they have the means of acquiring. Not because it is the strongest item of evidence that could be found, but because it is one which all can see, turn to the event of last summer. From the 2d of July to the 20th of September we had in effect no President. During all that time he did no official business whatever. More than this, during all that time we were also almost without a Cabinet, for its members were all so constantly watching over the sufferer that they could attend but little to their other duties. More than this, a new administration had recently



come in, with the usual disturbance and change. More than this, it was the time of year when department employes take their vacations and do least work in Washington. More than this, those of them who were at their posts were greatly distracted by the shock of the shooting, the long anxiety, and the funeral ceremonies. Surely here was the worst possible conjunction of circumstances for the successful performance of business. But how many people saw any material difference in the execution of the laws? A few applicants for office had to wait a little longer. That was all.

In all we read about civil-service reform we see that the field commanded by the President is the one in which the reformers also pitch their tents. Their

contest is mainly with him and his. With victory in that field, their direct work would seem to be done. They seek to remove the evils and spare the source of them. Evasion or treachery on the part of many they must trust, frequent defeat, and but indifferent success in the end, seem likely to be the result. They would simply reform the Presidency. They had better take Hamlet's advice and "reform it altogether." They will then know when their work is done.

We see what the office costs. If we do not need it for business purposes, should we keep it for political purposes? The reformers have themselves answered this by making war on its political services.

CHAUNCEY HICKOX.

#### TID'S WIFE.

WHEN "Tid" came into the Tom Lake Range he had but one acquaintance in the settlement there. This was a man whose name was really Peter Brown, but from "Pete" his habits of universal curiosity had gradually changed it to "Peek,"—and as "Peek" Brown he is forever distinguished in the annals of the place. "Peek" had known "Tid" over on the Wisconsin side, where his steady attention to business, lack of "luck," and uncommunicativeness had made him a marked and mysterious character.

"What's his name, anyhow, Peek?" asked Handy Graham, one of the old settlers.

"How should I know?" demanded Peek impatiently. "He ain't the sort o' chap to tell his affairs to everybody. They did say over thar—mind ye, 'twas only 'say'—that his last name was 'Slocum'; but the 'Tid' part, by —, that's too deep for me!"

"Likely it's short fer Timothy," suggested Handy speculatively.

"'Timothy'!" Mr. Brown gazed at his companion as though he suspected his sanity. "Short fer that's 'Tim.' Didn't ye know *that*?"

Peek's manner was overbearing, and Handy did not attempt to push his case or to advance a further theory which had its origin in a certain sarcastic streak in Handy's nature, and which derived Tid from "tidbit," Tid being almost a giant in stature. And thus it happened that Tid came to be unquestioningly accepted throughout the Tom Lake settlement as "Tid," and nothing else, until a certain day, when the "Slocum" postulate received absolute confirmation.

That day was one of great excitement on the Tom Lake Range. In order to understand this excitement in all its bearings, we must premise that among the hundred and fifty-odd denizens of the little mushroom village there were but half a dozen women. One of these was the wife of "Old Bill," the veteran of the place. She was old and infirm, and seldom seen beyond her cabin-door.

Another was a staid and respectable matron, the mother of a row of sturdy urchins, and the wife of Jack Peabody, known as "Copper-bottom Jack," who had amassed a moderate fortune by mining and speculating, and talked of "retiring" before long. The other four women resided at "Gulick's,"—a long, low shanty of the general character of a hotel, and with a bar-room attachment, which, in point of earnings, quite eclipsed all the rest. Mrs. Gulick was a weak but well-meaning woman, while of Bridget and Jane, the kitchen divinities, and of "Lize," the tawdry bar-maid, perhaps the less said the better.

As the winter and spring wore away, Tid was observed to be fixing up his already comfortable "shanty" a good deal, and then he disappeared for a full month. May was well along, and the straits were open, when he reappeared, riding in on the Houghton stage straight from Detroit, *via* the "Soo," in company with a woman,—a young woman,—a pretty woman,—whom he introduced to the stage-driver and the one or two passengers whom he knew as "My wife, Mis' Slocum."

Now, Tid, though possessed of sterling and acknowledged virtues, had not had generally accredited to him the power of captivating the female sex. "Lize" and "Jane" had unmercifully made fun of him, and it was commonly supposed that he cared as little about women as the representatives of the softer sex at Tom Lake cared about him. Consequently, as the stage conveyed Tid and his bride to their humble home, the "residents" to a man surveyed the sight with open-mouthed wonder.

"Darned ef he hain't took us in like thunder!" said Peek Brown, who had suspected nothing, and owned up to the oversight like a man.

"She looks like consid'able of a gal." This was Gulick's opinion, and fell with weight.

"What you good-lookin' fellers doin'," said Handy Graham, poking Dan Morey, the handsomest man in the place, facetiously in the ribs, "lettin' a chap like Tid, yer, get ahead of ye like this?"

The idea of Tid's coming out in advance of Dan in such a contest was indeed absurd, and made the good-natured miners laugh. Enormously tall, large and ill-built, with a gait like an elephant's, a hanging head, a shock of tawny hair and whisker, dull blue eyes, and a mouth always full of tobacco-juice,—there was certainly nothing attractive about Tid; while Dan, tall, straight, with curling hair and beard, and a bearing like a king's,—Dan Morey, though not implicitly to be trusted, was certainly the sort of man in his appearance of whom women are traditionally fond.

"I see her," said Dan sententiously, "and, by —! she is harnsum."

In reality, Mrs. Tid Slocum was simply a good-looking, healthy, and well-built young woman of twenty-five or thereabouts; but to the rough men of the place, who had nothing at hand to compare with her but the senile wife of "Old Bill," the faded and flavorless charms of Mrs. Peabody and Mrs. Gulick, and the slovenly pertness of the "girls" at Gulick's, she seemed a species of angel, as, in her dark print gown, with a collar,—a veritable, shining, white linen collar,—her hair neatly brushed and wound about her head, and a mien that commanded respect, she took up her daily life among the disorderly inhabitants of her husband's adopted home. Numerous theories were hazarded as to the mystery of her acceptance of Tid, but no satisfactory conclusion was ever reached, and, like the agitation in regard to her husband's name, this also subsided, and the fact was gradually accepted as stubborn but irrefragable.

Mrs. Jack Peabody, except for now and then "running in" to see "Old Bill's" wife, did not consider it expedient for her to recognize socially the other women of the settlement. After weighing the matter for a fortnight, however, and having watched Mrs. Slocum approvingly in her daily peregrinations between the grocery and her home, she mentally decided the important question, "Ought we to visit her?" in the affirmative. Accordingly, the very next day, arrayed in a well-preserved black alpaca

dress, and after a period of trying indecision between a faded straw bonnet, elegant a decade before, and a marvelous new slatted sun-bonnet of her own manufacture and of recent date, she donned the latter article and made a state call upon Mrs. Slocum.

While there— But Mrs. Peabody's own graphic description, given later to her faithful spouse, covers the ground much better than any other could possibly do. "I set down," said Mrs. Peabody, "an' I sez,"—Mrs. Peabody had been born in the State of Maine, and East and West battled for the victory among her idioms,— "I sez, sez I, 'You come quite unexpected like,' sez I, 'but,' sez I, 'I'm sure we're glad ter see yer,' sez I. 'Thar ain't much time fer sercierty ter Tom Lake,' sez I. 'No,' sez she, an' she talked along a spell, quiet an' purty enough, when, aller a sudden, I heerd a voice say, kinder gentle 'n' pleasant-like,— couldn't ermagine whoser 'twas,— 'Lucy, say, whar be yer?' 'n' she jumps up, 'n' sez she, quite perlit, 'Erxcuse me, my husban's a-callin' me,' 'n'—do yer believe it?—that was Tid a-callin', soft 'n' sweet,—ye'd never 'a s'posed in yer life 't he *could* 'a made sech a little noise ef he'd 'a tried. Wal, thar's a key-hole in the door, 'n' I jumped up 'n' jest kinder happened ter git in the line o' that yer key-hole,—w'at yer laffin' at?—'n' that Tid he *kissed* her, 'n' I see him kinder smooth her hair back from her face, 'n' he kinder whispered to her what'd she been a-doin', 'n' who was in thar, 'n' she said, 'A-visitin' with Mis' Jack Peabody,'—'n' all these goin's on, his kissin' her, 'n' all,—that great, humbly thing,—she acshally 'peared ter like it! 'N' ef he don't jest worship her I ain't no prophet."

Mrs. Peabody's notion of the functions of a prophet was somewhat vague, but she evidently understood a good deal of human nature. Her narrative had been heard and repeated by everybody in the place before a week passed away, and Tid suddenly found himself treated with unwonted consideration. The man who could caress a

young woman like Mrs. Tid Slocum, and have her "'pear to like it," was unmistakably no common character, and his claims were respected the more deeply because he made no pretensions on account of his superiority. There was the same swing to his awkward gait, the same impassive look in his dull eye, the same strict attention to business. Only now—impressive change!—the men recognized self-control in what before had been a supposed lack of controllable material.

A month after Mrs. Tid Slocum had taken up her abode at the Lake, a troupe of strolling players came along and gave an entertainment at Gulick's dancing-hall, where once or twice a year a grand ball mingled the society from half a dozen neighboring settlements with that of the Lake. To this entertainment the population of the place turned out *en masse*, and it so chanced (though there was really no chance about it) that the seat next to Mrs. Tid Slocum was picked out and persistently occupied, even when the rest went out to refresh themselves during the *entr'actes*, by Mr. Daniel Morey,—not the ordinary, rough, good-looking miner of every day, but a positive dandy, arrayed in a sleek black coat and a starched white shirt-front in which glittered a remarkable diamond pin. His ambrosial locks were tossed with fascinating grace from off his forehead, and his moustache seemed to have acquired a new distinction. Mr. Daniel Morey in the long-unaccustomed costume and manners of older civilizations yet carried both so well that even the jeers of his companions were not unmixed with admiration, and could not discompose him. Whenever Mrs. Slocum turned in his direction that evening she encountered a pair of melting masculine eyes fixed full upon her, and, though she rather shrank away toward Tid and maintained outward calm, yet the admiration of so distinguished an individual could hardly have been lost upon her.

The weeks wore away, and it began to be whispered about among the miners that Dan Morey was getting to be a

frequent visitor at Tid Slocum's cabin; but Tid preserved the same imperturbable demeanor toward the Adonis of the place as toward everybody else. It was rumored by some imaginative person that his heart was breaking. But even this blood-curdling suggestion failed to throw any light upon the situation. Mrs. Jack Peabody, however, who was propriety itself, resolved upon breaking the social bond with which by her visit, and, indeed, by a subsequent one also, she had united herself to the fair newcomer, and she consequently visited her no more. So that Mrs. Tid Slocum, except for the unremitting faithfulness and devotion of her husband and occasional observed and more presumed calls from Dan Morey, must have led a rather lonely life. But she was not one of the kind to be pitied. She carried her head high, worked briskly all day,—no such housekeeper and seamstress had ever been seen at the Lake,—and appeared not to observe even the disapproving defection of Mrs. Jack Peabody.

Six months after the bright spring day when big, lumbering Tid Slocum had astounded his neighbors by bringing his bride among them, Dan Morey was missing from his place beside the genial fire at Gulick's, and "Old Bill," with whom he messed, could give no account of him. Tid Slocum went regularly to work every day, but shortly after Dan Morey was missed some one remarked that Mrs. Tid Slocum "had been keepin' mighty quiet lately."

The temptation to investigate the mystery was too much for Peek Brown, who, as soon as Tid started for work the next morning, stole up to the back-side of his little shanty and made as thorough an examination as was compatible with a tightly-locked door and uncommunicative shutters. Tid had evidently and not without a purpose left behind him a slow fire, for the chimney gave off a gentle smoke all the morning. Peek determined to go quite around the house, even at the risk of being seen, for it stood upon a knoll and close

against the hill-side. Tid had put solid wooden shutters on every window of his stout little cabin, but they were open in front, and neat white curtains, put up shortly after Mrs. Tid's arrival, were adroitly looped inside, so as to suggest some occupancy of the place. Everything was in profound quiet. The woman might be ill, but, ill or well, Peek was morally certain that she was not there.

That night Tid went into Gulick's, still and unapproachable as usual, and ordered a stiff glass of rum-and-water. While it was preparing, Peek stepped up and remarked drily, "Wife ain't sick, is she? Lef' town?" There was quite a crowd present, and the answer to Peek's question was awaited with breathless interest.

Tid took up his glass of rum-and-water and drained it at a draught, his face meanwhile growing whiter and whiter. Then he turned toward Peek, who instinctively began to shrink away from him. His dull eyes emitted a single sulphurous flash. Then he gathered up his brawny fist like lightning and planted a tremendous blow in the middle of his interrogator's face. "Darn yer picter!" he shouted, in a voice so hoarse and unnatural that none of the men would ever have recognized it, "ef ye speak of *her*, 'n' mostly ef ye speak *ag'in* her, I'll kill ye!" Then he turned sharply and walked off to his lonely cabin. The blow that he had dealt to Peek was attended with permanent and disfiguring results, and Tid Slocum's request was ever after respected, at least in his presence. But his wife had undoubtedly deserted him.

A year and a half passed away, and as spring opened—the second spring after Tid's marriage—the brisk sounds of reviving labor echoed through the Tom Lake settlement. A newly-opened iron-mine of untold richness had been located on the range, and owners of land in the vicinity had sold it at a handsome advance. "Old Bill" had died, and Jack Peabody had "sold out" and returned to his native place in New

England to begin life again with a hundred thousand dollars in his pocket. With these vicissitudes, and with the influx of new-comers, there had been considerable change in the little settlement; but still Tid Slocum, who had been more prosperous perhaps than any of his old mates, grim and silent as ever, lived alone in his trim little cabin. His "luck" in worldly affairs had evidently "turned," and, isolated and friendless as he was, he had yet sufficient cause to congratulate himself.

One night, the chill in the evening air having driven Gulick's guests inside, they were listening to the exciting revelations of one of their comrades who had been down to Chicago for the winter. The narrator was detailing consequentially some trifling personal adventures, when he suddenly broke off short, looked around cautiously, and exclaimed,

"But, Lord, boys! I hain't told ye the biggest news of all! I seen Tid's wife!" Amazed ejaculations broke from one and another, and the little circle gathered closer. "Yes," continued the man in the same circumspect manner, "I seen her, 'n' she seen me, 'n' she pulled her veil over her face and herried along. By George, but she looked 's ef she was poor!" The excited interest of his hearers led the narrator into a little display of human nature, and he began to dwell with unnecessary minuteness upon the details of his story. "She had a bundle in her hands, like sewin'-work, er suthin er other, 'n' I follered her, ter a number"—and the speaker took out a note-book and pronounced the number loudly by way of corroborating his story,—" 'n' then, bein' kinder thirsty, I stepped inter a saloon close by, 'n' a kinder good-lookin' feller he cum in, 'n' we struck up quite an acquaintance; 'n', bein' flush, I sez, sez I, 'I hope ye'll jine me?' 'O' course,' he sez; 'don't care 'f I do.'"

"Wal,—Tid's wife?" interrupted an auditor impatiently.

"Good Lord!" snapped the teller crossly, "who's a-tellin' this story anyhow? Ef I aint—"

"Go on! go on!" cried the crowd,

and Handy Graham took hold of the interrupter's shoulders with an emphatic shake and a "You shut up!" which quite restored the equilibrium of the injured hero.

"After we'd treated back and forth a few times, I sez, sez I, p'intin' to the house I seen Tid's wife go in, 'Know 'em?' 'Yes,' sez he. 'How 'bout that woman 't jest went in?' sez I. 'I've seen her often,' sez he; 'a sewin'-woman 't sews fer 'em,—they're dress-makers,' sez he. 'I noticed her,' sez he, 'bein' uncommon good-lookin' 'n' sorter sad-like. Know her?' 'Wal,' sez I, 'middlin'. Run away from her husband up in the mines with another man. Hain't never seen no man round with her, have ye?' sez I. 'No,' sez he, 'he must 'a left her,—fer I see her often, bein' here frequent, 'n' I hain't seen no man near her this winter: he must 'a left her.' 'He was jest that kind,' sez I: 'I'll bet my pile he has gone and left her.'"

At that moment a muffled sound came from the door-way, and Tid Slocum, with the same white face and flashing eyes that some of the crowd remembered to have seen once before, entered and walked up to the bar. Peek Brown, who had been among the most absorbed of the spell-bound audience of a moment before, shrank to half his usual size and hid behind his companions; but he need not have been frightened, for Tid simply ordered a dram, which was served quietly to him by the brazen Lize, and then walked stumbingly away. The next day there was silence and gloom in Tid's little cabin, and his face did not appear at Gulick's. In fact, Tid had "vamosed," and the inhabitants of Tom Lake village never saw him in their midst again.

Ten years later, Jack Peabody and his wife, whose well-earned wealth had been doubled and trebled by fortunate investments, visited the opera in grand style in one of our great Eastern cities. The music was fine, and Mr. Peabody and his wife, who had not misused their recent opportunities for "culchah," were



listening attentively and with an acute admiration, when suddenly a couple in an opposite box attracted Mr. Peabody's observant eye. He raised his glass and called his wife's attention to the objects of his gaze, whereupon a prolonged scrutiny and discussion followed.

They saw a gaunt, enormous man, with dull blue eyes, and a mass of tawny hair, which had evidently been the despair of some unhappy barber. He was attired in a rich but ill-worn suit of broadcloth, and by his side was a woman, whose well-featured face, ex-

pensive dress, and flashing jewels made her harmonize well with her sumptuous surroundings. She looked with a calm interest upon the scenes which were being depicted before her, but the man's rapt gaze never wandered from her face, and to the bewildered pair who were surveying him he was a mute but eloquent statue of love, adoration, forgiveness.

"Yes," whispered Mr. Peabody to his wife, after a protracted and earnest canvassing of the question, "it's them,—by George, it's them!"

KATE UPSON CLARK.

#### A COLORADO "ROUND-UP."

BY a fortunate circumstance I first saw that pastoral pageant known in the West as a "round-up" among the most picturesque surroundings that could have been chosen for it even in Colorado. In the northern counties the abrupt line of the Rocky Mountain foot-hills has nearly a north-and-south direction. From their base the grass-country rolls away in great brown undulations with a general downward slope toward the east for twenty miles to the depression in the Plains through which the South Platte flows northward. Beyond the river the land rises again with an easy slope for several miles. It is from the side of this rise of ground that the superb panoramic view of the Rocky Mountain range is seen in perfection. More than two hundred miles it stretches in sight, from the masses vaguely seen beyond the snowy shoulders of Pike's Peak to the lower mountains across the border of Wyoming.

At a considerable height on this slope runs a canal for irrigation, led out from the swiftly-descending Platte some miles above. One brilliant evening in July, a procession of wagons, each with its arched covering of canvas tinted by the sunset light, moved up the ascent to the

bank of the ditch. The wagons were drawn up in line, about a hundred feet apart, and in five minutes each driver had unharnessed and "hobbled" his horses and a bright row of camp-fires were dancing in the twilight. The wagons were late in making a camp. Usually they precede the herd by several hours; but now close following is heard the lowing of the cattle, a slowly-swelling volume of sound, as the drove approaches. At a spot a quarter of a mile from camp, where a level interrupts the general slope, the herd is massed together, or, in technical phrase, "bunched," and with the approach of darkness gradually all lie down for the night. One by one the herders drop away to camp as the cattle grow quiet, till but two are left riding in opposite directions about the sleeping herd, each singing vigorously, for the double purpose of warding off sleep and keeping the herd aware of their guard. The songs are continued by the successive watches till dawn, each singer pursuing his tune with a glorious independence of harmony with his mate; yet in the distance, as we sit beside the camp-fire or in waking moments at night, it is a cheerful, vigilant sound. In the cow-

boys' dialect, "singing to 'em" has become a synonymous expression for night-herding.

Before the day's work is finished, there is a cry heard not far away, "Ropes! ropes!" Two men start up from the resting groups and form a sort of temporary corral by stretching ropes from a wagon, and into it is driven the great herd of saddle-horses, to be "hobbled" for the night. Then the supper is served,—hastily cooked and hastily eaten. There is little comfort about it. A kind of lengthened tail-board is let down at the end of each wagon and supported by props. All the men of an "outfit"—that is, those banded to work together and share the use of one wagon—gather about this rude table and devour the meal, as they stand, with the lion's appetite which only a wholly out-door life can give.

Each "outfit" carries its tent, for use in bad weather; but with a dewless night and a dry soil no one cares to stake a tent after fourteen hours of hard riding. As soon as darkness has fairly settled over the earth, we are all rolled in our blankets side by side on the ground as peaceful as a row of mummies. Over us the heaven seems to glitter with a million stars not seen in lower countries, and sleep soon comes to the eyes turned upward toward its infinite calm. At intervals through the night the second, third, and "cocktail" reliefs will be called to go on duty: all hands must take their turns at night-herding.

With the first intimation of daylight the camp-fires are again dancing in line. By each a cook begins his breakfast preparations. Long before the appearance of the sun all the camp is astir; bedding is rolled and packed away ready for transportation. In the universal freshness of dawn the view westward from the hill is glorious. Through the meadows just below us winds the Platte, shaded by noble groves of cottonwood, the home of ten thousand meadow-larks, and already in the starry twilight they have begun a choral symphony of innumerable voices. One meadow-lark alone sings a song awakening expectation. Beginning with

a rapturous burst, he leaves it in the midst; it is always unfinished. You wait and hope for more, and imagine a hundred endings for the interrupted melody. The lark is contented with his song of hope, and never tells you the end. But now there is no interruption: before one has dropped the strain a hundred have taken it up; and so, in the midst of the desert, God is praised with a peal of choral music as sweet and triumphant as ever rang through the aisles of a basilica. Beyond the river the stretch of bare rolling ground is gray in the dim light, and over it the mountain-ranges, tier above tier up to the snowy heads, are all blue and cold as they emerge from darkness; but presently the tops are tinged with purple spreading gradually downward. Then comes a glow of pink, growing and growing to a crimson flush, and at last, with unspeakable splendor, the crown of the continent is reddened for a hundred miles by the light of a gorgeous sunrise. But when the sun has mounted into the sky it is strange to see how the glory departs from the mountains. The few sunrise clouds fade from the sky, leaving a dome of immaculate blue, and the vast landscape is without a shadow. The air of a cloudless morning in Colorado is too transparent for beauty. The serrated edges of mountains seventy miles away are sharp and clear against the blue. All the soft tints are gone. In the full light the range seems nearer and lower, but every peak and ridge stands out with an unpleasant clearness, bald, shadowless, colorless. As nothing is sublime without some shade of mystery, so even the mountains stripped of their shadows, laid wholly open to the eye, have for the time lost their grandeur.

But the light of the sun has hardly crept down the hill to touch the tree-tops, still ringing with the morning song, before the hurried standing breakfast at the camp is over and each man has been appointed to his work by the captain of the "round-up." Three or four are named to guard the herd already gathered; some will have special care of the horses; all others, except the

men in charge of wagons, are appointed to go "out on circle." Then follows a general saddling of horses, and, while the shadows still lie long across the plain, knots of horsemen, three or four abreast, strike out across the prairie on lines radiating in all directions from the camp. They will ride out on their courses for about five miles, except where the space is limited on the west by the river, and then, turning back, will drive in toward the centre, or, as they say, will "circle in," or "round up," all the cattle found in that district, a space with a diameter of ten miles. It is this operation carried on day after day over many thousand square miles of country which gives the name "round-up" to the annual gathering of the cattle on the Plains.

At the camp everything settles down into silence. The horses stray off to graze on the bluffs, the camp-fires die to embers, the teamsters lounge in the shade of the wagons; for as the sun mounts high a scorching heat radiates from the arid soil. Looking off in any direction, you see the hot quivering of the air just as it is seen above an overheated stove. But soon the power of the sun sets the fresh desert breezes stirring. They come rushing across the plain in curiously alternating blasts of hot and cool air,—a delicious change from the stagnant heat of the earlier morning. And when the eye is weary and the head unsteady with watching the quivering and reeling of the heat, the mirage brings relief, seeming to spread calm lakes here and there along the horizon. Where the bluffs stood a few moments ago are now islands and promontories mirrored in unruffled water. At this season the mirage is a daily occurrence.

So the long, hot morning wastes away, unvaried by any event but the changing phases of the mirage and the gathering of cloud-puffs over the mountains. But when the sun has climbed within an hour or two of the meridian, some one less drowsy than the rest shouts, "They're coming!" Across the prairie where he points there is no living thing in sight, but beyond the most distant ridge a great dust-column

seems to touch the sky and stand motionless. Then on the opposite horizon we catch sight of another cloud of dust, then another, and another appears, till the circle of approaching herds is complete. Presently the leaders of a procession mount the ridge. The long line of cattle comes steadily on. Half are lost to sight in the hollows of the prairie, half are seen on the crests of the swelling ground. Up and down the line gallop the horsemen, urging and guiding the cattle. When the first sound from the herd reaches the ear, it is like a long trumpet-blast. Among the multitudes that are approaching there is not one but utters some sound of protest at this sudden infringement of the liberties of his wild life. The bellowing of the bulls, the lowing of the cows, the bleating of the calves, all are blended into a musical murmur in which no single voice can be distinguished. With the advance of the cattle the deep note grows louder by almost imperceptible degrees, but at last, when the lines begin to be driven together at the centre, it has increased to a deafening uproar. Conversation is impossible; orders are shouted as in a storm at sea. When the converging processions have come so near that the animals can be distinguished, it is interesting to look closely at the passing lines, in which every breed and size and color of cattle is represented, from the small tawny Texas cow, as wild as a deer, to the large high-bred Durham bull that paces heavily along nodding his head at every step with an aristocratic air of self-satisfaction. The leaders of a herd are always the strong, fat steers, walking with a quick step, carrying their heads erect, and glancing about with restless eyes,—powerful, swift animals, ready when anything startles them to break into a stampede that will try the mettle of the best horses in the effort to stop them. To one who has only known cattle in the Eastern States from watching working-oxen crawling along a road a mile and a half in an hour, or mild old dairy-cows loafing home from pasture at night, these spirited wild cattle seem a different race of animals. A new-comer

to the Plains can hardly believe that cattle are capable of great speed; but let him help in driving a herd for a few days, and his opinion is changed. A small calf lagging in the rear of a herd is sometimes seized with an insane notion that his mother has been left behind if he loses sight of her for a moment. He starts backward on the trail, "like a streak of greased lightning," his pursuer would say. An accomplished cow-boy is often baffled for some time in such a chase. His horse, of course, will outstrip a calf in a long run; but just when he has headed him off, the exasperating little brute will dodge like a hare, and, while the horse is carried on by his impetus, the calf is off again as fast as ever in search of his forsaken parent. I have known a "tender-foot" to disappear over the bluffs on such a chase in the middle of the afternoon and return at night crestfallen, to acknowledge himself vanquished by a most insignificant little calf.

After the leaders of the herd generally follow the young stock,—the yearlings and two-year-olds,—with the fat dry cows scattered along the line; then the multitude of cows followed by calves; and last the lagging new-born calves, attended and coaxed along by fussy old mothers.

After the men have rushed into camp to swallow the noonday meal and have hurried back to the herd, the hardest and most interesting part of the day's work begins,—that is, the "cutting out," or sorting, the cattle of those brands which it is desired to separate from the promiscuous multitude. In the "general round-up" of the early summer the branding of the young stock is the chief business; but in this gathering the object is to separate certain cattle to be driven away to new grazing-grounds in the northern Territories. As we are riding out with the herders returning to their work, suddenly the body from head to foot is suffused with a sense of relief and refreshment, as when water touches a parched throat; for, after eight hours of scorching heat, a cloud has drifted across the sun as he begins his descent. It is only in such an arid,

shadeless region that the Scriptural metaphor of a "shadow in a weary land" can have the full force which it had to its Asiatic author. But now, as we came to the herd and turned to circle about it, the westward view was wonderfully changed. The background of mountains which in the morning had been so shadeless was now almost wholly in shadow. The cloud-puffs of an hour ago had spread and united into black canopies of storm-cloud. The range had assumed its darkest and most sublime aspect. As the eye runs up and down the long sweep of vision, here and there a white peak, flooded with sunshine from an unseen space between the storms, shines with an unearthly brightness amid the general blackness. Here and there the snowy head of a mountain looks out cold and wan through a transparent veil of showers. Every moment at some point along the rank of mountains a thunderbolt leaps across from cloud to peak with a quick shiver. A portentous darkness settles over the Great Divide. The pine-clad slopes are as black as night; the snowy summits leaden.

In contrast with the dark majesty of the background is the intense animation of the scene close at hand. Back and forth and round and round patrol the horsemen appointed to hold the cattle within certain boundaries. Men representing the owners of brands ride into the crowd of cattle, and, moving slowly about, observe the brand on every animal\* they pass. Usually a rider represents several owners. Catching sight of the brands for which they are looking, each man follows close at the heels of the cow he has selected, and, when she is near the edge of the herd, with a quick jump of his horse he tries to drive her beyond the boundaries. But commonly she detects his purpose: her gregarious instinct rebels, and with a quicker jump she is back again among her friends in the midst of the herd.

\* They would say "cow-brute." It is strange that we have no singular for the plural word "cattle." This uncouth Westernism has supplied the need.

Then follows a hard chase around among the frightened cattle. Fifteen or twenty riders are soon in hot pursuit of their several brands. The whole herd is in commotion, with a general wheeling movement like a slow Maelstrom. The cattle are "ginning around," they say. The din of a thousand bellying voices grows more thunderous as the herd grows more uneasy. To watch this tossing sea of animal life is exciting in the highest degree. The horses, trained by long experience in the work, dash into it with the fire of a war-horse going to battle. They take evident pleasure in their superiority over the inferior intelligence of the cattle. The showy, barbaric costumes of the cowboys, the exquisite feats of horsemanship, the excitement of the horses warming to their work, the occasional dexterous use of the lasso in subduing some animal at bay, all the rush and tumult, the roar and shouting, the grace of muscular men and animals in swift motion, make up a spectacle so stirring and picturesque that all other exhibitions of equestrian skill seem tame in comparison.

As the cattle one by one are "cut out," they are taken in charge by the outside riders and driven away to swell the herd of those already gathered, which is grazing less than a mile away. After two hours of work, while the commotion seems still as violent as ever, the captain suddenly shouts the order, "Turn 'em loose!" The cry passes along, the guards draw to one side, the liberated cattle move quickly away, first in a body, then in a long scattering line, and the stillness of the desert succeeds the uproar. In the mean time, the camp has been broken up and the train of wagons has moved up the river eight or ten miles to fix a centre for the next day's work. There is little difference between one day and another. The same operation of "circling in" and "cutting out" will be repeated till every acre of ground in the allotted district has been traversed. In the "general round-ups" of the spring each district contains several thousand square miles, and the work continues for six weeks or

more. In this way a belt of country equal in length to the distance from Portland to Savannah is swept over by the "round-ups" every year.

Before this nomadic life of the Plains has been drained of its picturesque elements by the advance of civilization, I hope that some painter may arise who can grasp and worthily fix on canvas this most picturesque scene of American life,—one with the skill of a Church to paint the mountains and the genius of a Bonheur to catch the beauty of free animal existence. It should be a great picture, for in its distance would stand the continent's mountainous head crowned with its shining diadem, while in the nearer view there would be every attitude of bold horsemanship, every phase of intense muscular activity, brilliancy of costumes, the charm of wild life, the beauty of freedom.

It is a peculiarly American scene; and yet how different the life is from the essentially European civilization of Eastern America! The pastoral life must always be the only important industry of this vast dry belt of country. The life is nomadic and patriarchal,—Asiatic rather than European. In first entering upon it, some incidents every day brought to mind memories of the book of Genesis, the most familiar picture of the pastoral life of Asia. The Aryan group of races drifting westward through immemorial ages from Central Asia to the heart of the American continent are filling at last a region similar in conditions of climate to the country where our race dwelt in its infancy. The dumb servants who have attended these migrations for countless ages have come to a land like that in which their progenitors were first subdued to the service of man. It is not the mere fact that cattle and horses can live here in a free state which testifies to the truth of this statement, but observation of their habits while running at large brings constantly fresh proof in little things that these animals were created for exactly such natural conditions as are found on these Western Plains.

ALFRED TERRY BACON.



## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

## PUBLIC TOPICS.

## Amending the Constitution.

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS once compared the Constitution of the United States to a suit of clothes made for a boy and worn after he had assumed the proportions of a man. There can be no doubt that in bulk and stature the American nation, which may now be said to have reached its majority, and which has grown and thriven as no youthful nation ever did before, presents a strong contrast to the lank, loose-jointed figure to which the *toga virilis* was fitted a century ago. It would have needed superhuman skill and foresight to make a garment which should adapt itself at all points to a progressive expansion beyond all former experience. What we may well wonder at is the excellence of material and workmanship that has enabled it to endure not only the steadily increasing strain of constant wear, but violent efforts on the part of refractory limbs to burst the seams and rupture the fabric. It is also to be noticed that the cut and finish, instead of becoming obsolete, have anticipated the fashion which in recent years has been spreading in all directions, until it seems likely to be generally adopted, as most accordant with the needs and ideas of advanced civilization. On the whole, therefore, we may be satisfied with its condition, and leave the task of thorough repair to a future generation. Still, it is not to be denied that weak spots are here and there discernible, and that posterity will not thank us for having neglected the "stitch in time" which is warranted to "save nine." Most people acknowledge the necessity for some amendments or additions, to meet contingencies not originally foreseen but now perceived to be probable enough and fit grounds for apprehension. Congress may perhaps be competent to deal with that class of difficul-

ties and uncertainties, affecting the count of the electoral vote and other such matters, which may be described as technical. Our Civil Service Reformers are striving to remove the stains left by unclean fingers, or, perhaps we should rather say, to put gloves on the fingers that may keep both them and the portion of the attire with which they come in contact immaculate. Mr. Albert Stickney is in favor of an elaborate patching, which seems to differ from complete reconstruction chiefly in the greater difficulty that would attend it, while the writer of an article in the present number of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE proposes to cut off, as superfluous and troublesome, what is generally considered a covering indispensable alike for protection and decency,—the shirt-front, so to speak, with its ornamental plaits and studs.

There seems to us to be much force in some of the arguments urged by our contributor. That the power of the President is too great in some matters and too small in others can hardly be disputed. That he should be able to bestow all the subordinate offices of the government as rewards for partisan service is an obvious anomaly under a system which was framed with the express view of preventing all such abuses of authority. That, holding the position of head of the State, he should in general exercise little or no influence on its policy, tends, in the absence of any responsible ministry, to render the work of administration one of mere routine, uninspired by any spirit or principle of statesmanship. It is very certain that this was not the state of things contemplated when the office was created and the mode of filling it devised. Instead of being the mere instrument of a party, the President, it was then supposed, would stand above and aloof from parties, arbitrating between them, restraining their excesses, representing the whole people, the united nation, and,

while powerless to hamper or control the independence of the legislature, would be entitled by his position, and enabled by wide and impartial observation of the general needs and interests, to suggest proper subjects for legislation and point out the fittest course for obtaining the desired ends. No doubt this was a somewhat Utopian conception; but our present practice of electing a President whose chief business consists in finding places for his followers and adherents—as if a pilot should be appointed to move all the ballast to one side of the ship—is surely quite as absurd and much less excusable. But we do not believe that the remedy, so far as a remedy is possible, lies in abolishing the office. The government of a great nation cannot be properly carried on without a responsible head, and the President's responsibility seems to us more real than Mr. Hickox is willing to admit, and far greater than could belong to any body of ministers all equal and mutually independent. It is true that the President cannot be removed for any cause short of actual crime or misdemeanor before the expiration of his term, and that, consequently, the only penalty attendant on his incapacity or misuse of authority is the loss of public favor and respect. But this is in fact the chief deterrent with most men from yielding to many wrong impulses, and it is, in general, stronger with them in proportion as they are conspicuous or highly placed. What the people have to do is to elect men on whom this and still higher motives will be likely to act powerfully, to indicate what is expected of them, and to re-elect them if they stand the test. If it be replied that the people have either no opportunity to elect such men or no proper conception of the line of conduct they ought to follow, the answer must be that in that case the fault does not lie in the office, and that before undertaking to amend the Constitution we should begin by amending ourselves. Continual groaning over the enslavement and impotency of a "free and enlightened people"

seems to us equally childish and illogical.

## PLACE AUX DAMES.

### A Steamboat Stewardess.

I MADE her acquaintance on a steamer on the Upper Mississippi. The great boat had swung to the wharf and taken us on board, together with a number of other passengers and a quantity of freight, then with a shrill whistle of departure had again stemmed the current of the mighty river, which, flowing straight from the north, spread out widely between low, willow-bordered banks, or narrowed between the yellow and red and chocolate walls of high bluffs. We remained on deck to wave farewells to our friends till the wharf receded from view; then, when the pilot's bell had ceased its fretful jangle, and the great smoke-stacks puffed with alternate regularity, we went to the clerk's office to purchase our tickets and engage state-rooms. This official was in a little room bright with white paint and gilding at the forward end of the long cabin; besides himself, his desk and safe, there was just room for a sofa and two or three valises. His coat was off, his white straw hat was set back on his head, the spotless expanse of his shirt-front glittered with diamond studs. In appearance he was a much grander person than the captain, who, by the way, was a quiet, unobtrusive individual in a blue sack-coat and a brown straw hat. We indulged in some languid speculation during the passage as to the use of having a captain at all, since all the important duties devolved upon the clerk, the mate, and the pilot, but discovered no satisfactory reason.

When we made our application to the clerk, he wrote down our names in his book and took our money for the passage to St. Paul, but informed us, with bland politeness and regret, that the state-rooms were all taken, that even the sofas in the ladies' cabin were engaged, and that the only sleeping accommodations which could be afforded us were the mattresses spread down every night

on the floor of the cabin or canvas cots placed on the guard-decks and in the after-cabin. My companion chose for himself a cot in the gentlemen's cabin, but advised me to have a private interview with the colored stewardess before giving up all hopes of a state-room. I sought this important individual, and found her on one of the small after-decks behind the larboard wheel. Wet sheets and table-cloths flapped on lines hung to the roof, and a tubful of towels and napkins lay in the rinse-water. The stewardess was busy wringing these out as I approached her, but looked up with an air of smiling familiarity, the result of constant intercourse with strangers. She was about forty-five years old; her complexion was the hue of good coffee; her woolly hair was combed to the back part of her head and supplemented with a coil of black jute. She wore a purple calico dress, and her sleeves were pinned up to her shoulders. I explained the situation to her. She said, "Honey, I knows it, but I can't help it. This boat's been full ever since we left St. Louis, and lots of ladies has to sleep in the after-cabin on cots." One wet hand was resting on her hip with the palm toward me. I slipped a piece of silver into it. Instantly her expression changed. "Let me see," said she, and with half-shut eyes and an air of deep study she looked for several moments toward the gliding shore. "Why, sure 'nough," she then exclaimed, "there's that lady in Twenty-Six who is to get off at Red Wing! We'll get to Red Wing this evening; then her berth will be empty, and you can go in with the other lady in Twenty-Six."

I did not forget Aunt Nelly after this satisfactory business transaction with her, but took frequent occasion during the passage to cultivate her acquaintance. She was queen-regnant in her realm: the passengers sought favors at her hands, the colored waiters were obsequious in her presence, and the white steward conferred with her as with an equal. She had as her assistant a dejected-looking, coal-black woman whom she called "Marier" and ordered about

as if she owned her. Marier was not a reliable assistant, being subject to "miserery in the stomach," which took her at inconvenient times. Just when there was a big washing or ironing on hand Marier would be doubled up on the floor of the stewardess's room, groaning and "takin' on vi'lent," as Aunt Nelly expressed it. Aunt Nelly herself was "tough as an ole rubber shoe," to use her own expression. She had had all the diseases known to doctors, and quite a number besides, but had surmounted them all. "Yellow fever?" said she one day in answer to my inquiry, as she stood feeding some young mocking-birds left in her care: "la, honey, I've had it twice, an' bad, too. Took it at Savannah the first time, jus' as we was startin' across the ocean. My husban' was steward on a vessel, an' I was stewardess. I don't remember much of that voyage,—was outen my head most o' the time. When we got to Havre they sent me to a hospital, an' there the French doctors waited on me splendid an' brought me through all right. The next time I had it was down in New Orleans: it wasn't so bad that time. Last winter our steward was took down with it at Memphis, an' I nursed him through it. His wife came down to see him, an' she just hugged me an' cried an' said I'd saved his life. Either of 'em would do anything in the world for me. Then at Charleston I had the break-bone fever. My husban' went to the coast of Africa once on a vessel, but wouldn't take me with him, 'cause I'd be sure to take the African fever. I always took whatever kind of fever there was goin'. And rheumatiz I've had off an' on for years, so bad sometimes in my right knee that I couldn't stand, a month at a time. Then I've had a cough till folks was sure I was goin' into gallopin' consumption; but I'd get over it. An' once there was somethin' the matter o' my head. I kep' smellin' somethin' in my wash-room, jus' like a dead mouse, an' I cleared it all out an' scrubbed the floor and white-washed the walls, but still I kep' smellin' that bad smell. Marier said she

couldn't smell it, an' no one else could. But one day a getherin' in my head broke, an' then I knew it was my own head I'd smelt. I went to one o' the best doctors in St. Louis, but he couldn't tell me what the matter was. He doctored me awhile for catarrh, but it did no good; finally, my head got well of its own accord." When she had finished the list of her complaints,—a much longer one than I have room for,—I remarked that she had evidently seen a good deal of the world. "Well," she resumed, "I've been a stewardess twenty-five years, an' I've travelled considerable in that time. I used to be on a steamer that run from Boston to St. John's, New Brunswick. Then I went 'most round the world in a sailin'-vessel. The captain's wife an' two children went with me, and he took me along to wait on them. We stopped at Calcutta and Bombay and at Hong-Kong and Canton, then we sailed to Honolulu. I liked Honolulu most of all the places we stopped at. The natives were so friendly: they invited me to their houses an' gave me their photographs and a lot of presents. I've got my room down in St. Louis full of things I brought from China an' India an' the Sandwich Islands. I've been from Savannah to Havre, as I tole you, an' from New Orleans to Havana several times. But I've been on this river the longest time. I can remember when St. Paul was nothin' but a little town an' a lot in it could be bought for a hundred dollars. I begged my husband to invest our money in town-lots,—my ole missus left me three hundred dollars when she died, and George an' me together had seven hundred dollars,—but he wouldn't do it. If he had, I'd been rich to-day, instead of makin' beds an' washin' an' ironin' for a livin'. George fooled away the money, an' then died, an' left me with Tom to support. That's my boy Tom that waits at the bar an' carries roun' the iced lemonade: he's gettin' good wages now."

Aunt Nelly had acquaintances on every boat we passed and in every town we stopped at. Some person, white or black, would call to her from deck or

wharf, and ask, "How 'r' you, Aunt Nelly?"—"Just tollable, I thank you," she would respond from her quarter-deck; "how 'r' you?" When we reached St. Paul, and all the passengers were going ashore, I said to Aunt Nelly, who was gazing up street from the cabin-window, "Are you thinking of the town-lots you might have owned here?" She replied lightly, "No; I'm thinkin' of my second husband, who keeps a gambler's saloon here. I parted from him on account o' the bad influence he had over my boy Tom." As I bade her good-by and started down-stairs, I thought of the pilot Jim Bludso, who had one wife in Vicksburg and another in Natchez-under-the-Hill.

L. C. J.

#### A Career for Somebody.

WHY will not some of the women who are longing for an opportunity to benefit their fellows take to training servants? Hardly can a servant be found who may be trusted with the laying straight of table-covers, the dusting of *bric-à-brac*, far less with the arrangement of flowers, the orderly placing of a dinner-service, or the garnishing of a dish. As to the tasteful and economic ordering of an entire meal, who would dare to delegate it even to the most "first-class" of cooks?

Yet it must all be had, and had it is, at such cost of time as tells cruelly upon the higher wants of most mothers of families. The time spent upon the mere drudgery of housekeeping is not in itself time nobly spent; it is not time well spent at all, except so far as it is an inexorable duty. It is, indeed, a waste of the very best kind of material, of the refinement, grace, and culture which women owe it to their families and to society to put to the very highest uses.

Not but that any true woman would gladly train her servants to these offices and count the labor gain, had she but the time. But the mothers of growing families, wives of men of many cares and wide associations, women upon whom most of the duties of society fall, have not the time. Nor will training-schools, beneficial as they are, entirely



answer the purpose. What is needed is that young girls should be taken into households and there trained, not simply in the drudgery of cooking, washing, and ironing, but in the principles of domestic economy, the relation of various articles of food to each other, and in so much of reverence for beauty and order as will lead to appreciative care of the pretty things about the house. It is not every one who has the gift to do all this, but in every village there are women who might and could, if they but thought of it,—mothers of grown children, maiden daughters of elderly parents, widows and single women of independent means, who are debarred by family ties or other circumstances from entering a prominent sphere of usefulness, and yet have time at their disposal which they would be glad to place at the service of others. This service would be a most disinterested one, for it goes without saying that as soon as they had achieved anything like success the servant would seek a new place, from simple love of change; but, the training having been undertaken from motives of pure philanthropy, the end would have been gained, since *somebody* would be benefited.

It is needless to say that the women who shall enter upon this career will earn for themselves undying renown and the gratitude of man- and woman-kind.

L. S. H.

### ART MATTERS.

#### "No Head above the Eyes."

Now that the artists have had their summer holidays and are back at their work, it is a piece of good fortune to have the *entrée* to their studios and a chance to look over their sketches,—

Kaleidoscopic hints, to be  
Worked up in farce or tragedy,—

and talk over their winter subjects which next April or May will adorn the walls of the various academies. These sketches are interesting in themselves,—cool, crisp, silver-gray coast-scenes, with a touch of luminous green in the fall of the waves; meadows where the twilight is gather-

ing and hazes hang a purple veil over the mysterious solitary reaches; mountain-gorges; sunsets on the Maine shores and in forest pastures; old boats laid up; a young girl's side-face; children playing; an old woman opening a door, the hands shading a candle so that the light falls only on her withered face. One may find keen pleasure in looking along the line on the wall or turning over a portfolio, and may discern originality and promise without any need of discovering and criticising defects.

Thackeray said to an admirer who praised his insight and knowledge of human nature, "I have no head above the eyes;" and that seems to be what is required in an artist. Our friend X. seems all right so long as he merely handles brush or pencil to dot down his impressions of things. He shows us a sketch from which he is already laying out a picture which he talks about with ambition, hope, and a consciousness of power that thrills us with a belief that a capacity for good work is in him. Next spring, when we see that completed picture on the wall, we shall likely enough wonder what there was in the sketch that pleased us. All winter he will work with patience and energy; moments of doubt will assail him,—a horrible uncertainty whether he is not all wrong,—when the picture in his mind will look out anew from his fancy, dimming the colors on his canvas, making his strength seem mere tame prettiness; but all artists are troubled with these haunting spectres, and he will dismiss them and set to work with more vigor and faith than before. So much of his life will go into the picture that it will seem a wanton tampering with the poor man's feelings to laugh at it, to be sarcastic upon his reds and greens, to call his outlines woolly and his perspectives a jumble of effects which result in mental chaos. And, besides, abominable as the coloring may be, that will not be its only fault. Heine remarks that Ary Scheffer's enemies declared that he painted entirely with snuff and green soap. And there are critics who



affirm that Corot does not understand the first principles of drawing. There are, however, plenty of effects which Corot does understand and which he has worked at until his brush holds the effective magic that kindles the light in the east, stirs the very breath of dawn in the tree-tops, and gives the last glimmer of sunset into dull pools surrounded by a rim of scanty woods. When X. is talking he seems to have a great deal to put into his picture, and apparently does his best to put it there; but who finds it? When he made his sketch he had "no head above his eyes," and the thing was charming. Great force of originality, consummate *technique*, and the inspiration of a clear idea may carry off an ugly clever picture like Bastien Lepage's "Joan of Arc," and, considered as a *tour de force*, render it for a time more fascinating than the accepted types. But for a picture to hang on one's wall, to be happy in looking at and possessing, who would not prefer Jules Breton's "*Fin de la Journée*," which lately hung opposite to it at the Metropolitan Museum? Such a picture is at once the blossom of all art and the transcription of all nature, and sets one dreaming as Mignon dreamed of Italy.

L. W.

#### ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

##### A Southern Fire-Eater.

POSSIBLY there are few eras of civilization with whose social conditions we have such a superficial acquaintance as with that represented by the Southern States before the war. The current idea of Southern society of that period seems even yet, after all the opportunities for closer study, to be that it was divided—distinctly and broadly divided—into two classes,—the "poor white," who were literally and in more senses than one "no 'count," and the elegant, cultivated, slave-holding, property-holding class, whose social refinement, ease and charm of manner, and genuine though no doubt somewhat "old-time" culture were unequalled in any other part of this country, and in foreign lands were ac-

cepted as the type and epitome of all that was best in American civilization. The existence of a third and perhaps—one State being taken with another—more numerous class than either of these has hardly been recognized, although it undoubtedly furnishes a key to many a perplexing problem in reconstruction.

This class, uneducated, undisciplined, with no æsthetic tastes, and no material wants beyond those to which the coarsest natures are subject, exempt, by the toil of their few or many slaves, from the necessity of that labor which is at once the blessing of the ignorant and the safety of their fellow-men, formed a class as dangerous as difficult to deal with, when once emancipation had thrown them upon the world, not merely for means to gratify an idle, lawless craving for excitement, but for the means of supporting existence itself.

A year or two ago, while residing in one of the Southern States, I had occasion to avail myself of the services of a man who, with his father before him, had held the position of county surveyor for some sixty years. His anecdotes of life in the remote and obscure section in which he lived were frequently both interesting and suggestive, and furnished more than one illustration of this point. Speaking of a certain Daniels, whose former home was in that neighborhood, he said, with a coolness which could only have been bred by long familiarity with such cases, "That man Daniels has killed probably more men than any other man in the State. I remember, in the war time, Captain D—— was once sent to arrest him. Both men were mounted, but the captain had the best horse. When Daniels saw the captain gaining on him, he took to a tree and threatened him with his pistols, so that at last the captain had to give up and go away without him. I remember another time one Johnson, the sheriff, sent twenty men to arrest him. They found him sitting on the Methodist church-house steps. He sat still till they came within range, took aim, and killed two of them, and then rushed at the others with his revolver cocked, frightened

them all away, and took to the woods. Some time after, Johnson was found killed. Another man was suspected of the murder and tried, but nothing was proved. Several years later, Daniels was taken very sick. The doctor told him he must die. 'Are you sure of that?' he asked. The doctor said he had only a short time to live. 'Then call in two witnesses,' said he, 'for I have something to say.' The witnesses were called, and Daniels confessed to having murdered Johnson. 'And there are two more men I ought to have killed,' said he. 'If I could only live long enough to get a chance at them, I should die happy.' He didn't say who they were, and in a short time he died.

"This Daniels took after his mother, they say. She was a handsome woman, and the fiercest I ever saw. They say she was the mother of twenty-four children, all sons; and I believe it, for I knew sixteen of them, men grown, myself. They were wild fellows, and are all dead now, except two, perhaps, who went up into the back country some time ago."

L. S. H.

#### Roadside Whist.

A VERY pleasant way of beguiling the tedium of a long journey by carriage or stage-coach, or relieving the monotony of the customary afternoon drive, is the game of roadside whist. It adds nothing to the *impedimenta* of the journey, since the only implements required are two or four pairs of sharp eyes and a like number of sunny tempers, equal to the strain of seeing a white horse, a cat, or even a goat, upon the wrong side of the way without a murmur. Thus furnished, the players have only to keep a bright lookout upon the opposite side of the road and score up every animal within the range of vision. A goat counts twenty, a cat ten, a white horse five, a "horse of

another color" one, in common with dogs, sheep, pigs, cows, mules, donkeys, and all other creatures not biped,—fowls and human animals being "no 'count" at all in the game.

When there are little people in the party, the game often proves to be very amusing, from the enthusiasm with which they enter into it. Even grave and reverend seniors often get wrought up to an unwonted pitch of excitement as they scan the whole landscape, intent upon the discovery of cats and white horses. A flock of sheep causes a flutter in the most steady-going of hearts, and numerous are the questions of casuistry arising from the erratic tendencies of the fleecy herd,—questions which are an infallible test of honesty and good temper. A small family of pigs by the wayside becomes a source of ecstatic delight to one-half of the party; and if by any happy chance such a juxtaposition of circumstances as an Irish settlement and a rocky barren should occur, the excitement will become intense. "Goats!" will be the cry, and "twenty,—forty,—sixty," the score will add up with bewildering rapidity, most exasperating to the travellers on the wrong side of the carriage.

Dwellers in Eastern New Jersey or in any other habitat of the fish-hawk will find the pleasure of the game enhanced by adding fish-hawks' nests to the list of prizes, counting one for each. This gives a wider interest to the game, the eyes are sent farther afield, a keener vision is cultivated, and perhaps a larger share of the beauties of nature is taken in, than when one's attention is confined to the roadsides and the nearer fields.

For, after all, the game has its disadvantages. It certainly does tend to close the eyes to the surrounding landscape. Even the tamest country must possess objects of greater beauty than goats and sheep.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Notes of a Pianist." By Louis Moreau Gottschalk. Edited by his Sister, Clara Gottschalk. Translated from the French by Robert E. Peterson, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

GOTTSCHALK, in his day, had a strong hold upon the heart of the public, both as pianist and composer. His popularity and success were more distinctly personal than those of others. He depended little on mere technical proficiency or automatic execution for the admiration his playing excited. His compositions were personal confessions, transcriptions of tropical reminiscences, sensuous, glowing with color, full of voluptuous languors, and pervaded by a joyous imaginative frenzy. He sought to delight, to kindle rapture, and if his "Pastorella" and "Banjo" did not leave every one smiling, and his "Last Hope" and "Murmures Eoliennes" cause cheeks to flush and eyes to melt among his listeners, he grew discontented and doubtful of himself. He did not seek the infinite, but enjoyed the beautiful, was happy through all his senses, and possessed the artistic impulse which allowed him to vent his feelings in music and compel others to the lively youthful spirit which takes existence as a pastime and an intoxication. To compare him with composers who have written with hearts tortured and exalted by all the meanings of human experience is like insisting that a flute shall perform the work of an orchestra. Gottschalk played a variety of music with skill and sympathy, but his best renditions were of his own works, which he gave with rare *verve* and charm, making his piano an absolutely sympathetic instrument, responsive to his every shade of feeling.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk was born in New Orleans in 1829. His father was English and his mother a Creole, and, while he inherited the looks of a well-bred, rather reserved Englishman, he seems to have been in heart and mind a French Creole. His love and aptitude for music were shown by the time he was three years old. When he was thirteen he was sent to Paris, where he not only studied under the best masters, but gave recitals and concerts, playing his own compositions, which gave him a European reputation when he was not yet

more than eighteen. He came back to America in 1853, and after a series of concerts, which were only moderately successful, went to the West Indies, where he had six years of success and adulation, varied by *dolce far niente*, which seems to have inspired his "Ojos Criollos." Emerging from this Capua in 1862, he made his triumphal tour of the United States, and his copious notes during this experience form the bulk of the present volume. They are written with the spirit and cleverness of a thorough man of the world, but with an absolute *naïveté* and self-confession which disarms criticism. He calls himself always an American of Americans, but is everywhere a Frenchman. Everything severe and Puritanical he frankly abhors, and the cruel *ennui* he experiences in the small towns in which he is forced to make a stay compels laughter. A cold audience freezes his soul, but he responds with ardor to any kindness. He sums up newspaper criticisms, and cries out in torture, "Let us never listen to the public. We should hang ourselves in despair." An amateur in Worcester requests him to play the "Sonate Pathétique." "I had the satisfaction," he writes, "of seeing my amateur, while I played, with his eyes fixed on the text in the English style to see if I made a mistake. Of all the absurdities practised by the Anglo-Saxon race in matters of art, this is what makes me suffer the most. Their manner of playing music is wholly speculative: it is a play of the wits. They like to see such or such chords solved." Again, he declaims against "pianists, non-composers, who disdain to play any other than classical music, and the musicians of the future, who have a horror of limpid melodies."

He was anxious to please his audiences, and sat on thorns if the most uncultured among them showed indifference. Greater musicians since have challenged our admiration while ostentatiously vaunting contempt of it. The inclement weather of high latitudes makes Gottschalk thoroughly wretched. "The cold freezes me, soul and body," he writes on one occasion. "The snow reminds me of death. Besides the wind, the sharp particles of snow which stick into the skin, is it not

terrible? Does not even nature herself die in presence of winter? The leafless trees affect me toward evening, with their naked branches cutting the distant horizon, like a band of skeletons that begins a *Macabre*-like dance. Where are the birds? Where are the flowers? Where is the sun? I hate winter, for it gives me pain." Yet he was a brave pioneer, who roused a love for music in dull little towns never before thrilled by a love for art, and made later successes easy to others.

He died at the age of forty, in Rio Janeiro, at the very height of his successes, deeply regretted not only by his friends, but by thousands of admirers.

These final memorials of the handsome young pianist, who used to come out so graciously with a bit of heliotrope in his button-hole to play the "*Marche de Nuit*" or a "*Berceuse*," will be read not only by his contemporaries, but by those to whom his successes are a tradition.

"The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford, Dissenting Minister." Edited by his Friend, Reuben Shapcott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE continuous miseries of a man whose lofty ideas are at war with his feeble and impotent practice, whose perceptions and insight are beyond his capacity of expression, to whom responsibility is paralysis, whose conscience is oppressed by the faintest suspicion of evil doing, yet who finds it impossible to discover the frontier-line between right and wrong, who knows himself yet disbelieves in himself, ought when frankly written down to find sympathy among those of his fellow-beings not in possession of the key to the general mystery of things. Mark Rutherford says of himself,—

For I was ever commonplace;  
Of genius never had a trace:  
My thoughts the world have never fed,  
Mere echoes of the book last read.

Whether his autobiography belongs to fact or to romance, it seems to be the genuine record of a human soul. The mere outward facts contained in it are few and insignificant. The son of a respectable Dissenting shopkeeper in a midland English town, Mark was brought up by his parents with a fixed intention that he should enter the ministry. The narrative of the young man's life while going through his preparatory training at the theological school is depressing in the

extreme. The sect was called Independent, but the name was a contradiction to the narrow creed. The least effort at original thought was crushed under a weight of barren formulas. Before Mark is compelled to put his thinking into iron moulds, he reads Wordsworth, who suddenly awakens in him a genuine belief in life, in the Creator, and in the worth and beauty of the universe. Unlucky was this spontaneous movement of soul for Mark. When, thrilled by his new ideas, he preaches his first sermon, he is rebuked by his teachers, who tell him that he must not discourse in a way to perplex and disturb his hearers, but give a repetition of "the old story of which we ought never to get weary; an exhibition of our exceeding sinfulness, of our safety in the Rock of Ages and there only, of the joys of the saints and the sufferings of those who do not believe."

These words, says Mark, "fell on my soul like the hand of a corpse."

Whether, under the best conditions, he could have developed into a free consciousness and use of his powers is open to debate, but his sordid and narrow environment after he becomes a minister reduces his powers to zero. Had he been brought face to face with the realities of life and been forced into action, there might have been hope for him; but his time was spent between impotent struggle and torpor. Had he had access to a different class than the dull shopkeeping community into which he was born, some man of culture and energy of intellect might have corrected his imperfect knowledge, freed him from his morbid self-consciousness and hypochondria, and taught him to begin the study of physical and moral laws and facts. He becomes acquainted with a printer, a free-thinker, by the name of Mardon, whose influence gives the decisive push to his tottering beliefs. The fatallest effect of living in falsehood is that finally we cannot believe in truths; and, drifting so long on a sea where his charts have failed him and his stars ceased to shine, Mark can see only glimmers of what he believes in or needs. He falls in love with Mardon's niece, and so breaks off his engagement with a girl whom he no longer wants for his wife, on the plea that he has become a Unitarian. What he lacks throughout is the inspiration of an absolutely clear purpose. He becomes openly a Unitarian, but is more wretched than ever from having been refused by Mary Mardon. After preach-



ing to a handful of hearers for a year, he drifts to London, where he finally becomes assistant to a publisher who prints and sells books of a sceptical turn.

The story ends abruptly and unsatisfactorily, and there is a hint from the editor, Reuben Shapcott, that it is to be followed by a diary. The book is simply but forcibly written, with scanty knowledge of the world; but with plenty of sombre energy and reality.

"Norsk, Lapp, and Finn; or, Travel-Tracings from the Far North of Europe." By Frank Vincent, Jr. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. "The Story of a Scandinavian Summer." By Katharine E. Tyler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE regular tides of travel are never likely to follow the course of the Gulf Stream; but a side-current that has long set in that direction seems to be growing stronger year by year. Ardent professional explorers, like Mr. Du Chaillu, rush from the Torrid to the Arctic zone, and find Lapps and reindeers, furs and snow huts, sunless winters, fishy odors and train oil, as much to their taste as burning sands, jungles, gorillas, naked blacks, manioc, and castor-oil beans. Plodding and conscientious travellers like Mr. Frank Vincent, after extending their observations from China to Peru and personally inspecting the eight marvels of the world, feel it necessary to verify with their own eyes the statements of their predecessors in regard to such phenomena as the midnight sun and "that curious vehicle called the carriole." Even among the ordinary tribe of breathless sight-seers and pleasure-seekers, darting about, like gold-fish in a vase, from one point of attraction to another and bound to leave no portion of the "regular round" unvisited, an eccentric curiosity is now and then awakened by enthusiastic reports of "the wild and beautiful scenes and the quaint, primitive ways of living" in the Scandinavian Peninsula. These being backed, in Miss Tyler's case, by assurances that "Switzerland need not be given up," since it is "lovely in September," while the three preceding months would be sufficient for Norway, the result was a change of "programme" and a flying trip which, eked out by a study of guide-books and a plunge into the "sagas" or less recondite modern compilations, could not fail to afford material for a volume full of interest to "stay-at-home" readers, always

eager for accounts of the doings of their more fortunate countrymen and countrywomen abroad. One can hardly repress a suspicion that the authors of the two books before us had but recently heard of the existence of Sweden and Norway, and, imagining the rest of the world to be still ignorant on this point, have written with the purpose of enlightening it. Both give us a long array of facts in regard to the history, population, institutions, languages, literature, modes of living, and similar subjects, with which any tolerably well informed person cannot but be perfectly familiar, not merely because the means of knowledge are easily accessible, but because the details belong to the circulating medium current among people whose intellectual wealth includes neither bullion nor rare coin. Of novel or striking adventure neither of our travellers has anything to tell. They pursued much the same route and had very similar experiences, Mr. Vincent's tour, however, being the more extensive, his investigations more laborious and minute, his impressions more solemn, and his gatherings more statistical. Standing on the North Cape,—a point to which Miss Tyler did not attain,—he felt as if he were "now indeed upon the threshold of the unknown," and surrounded by "a phantom influence like that proceeding from some mysterious and supernatural being imprisoned within a tomb of ice." Unfortunately, weird sensations of this kind cannot be communicated; and here Miss Tyler has the advantage, the descriptions she gives of her meals at post-stations and hotels, as well as on steam-boats, being such as to excite not merely mental but physical sympathy, and even a sense of repletion. Her narrative, when confined to what befell her own party, is lively enough, and shows her to have possessed that fund of high spirits, good humor, love of rambling, and acuteness of observation with which the American female tourist is generally equipped, giving her a superiority over her companions or rivals of the other sex. For solid information, scrupulously amassed and portioned out, Mr. Vincent's book is to be preferred. As regards the descriptions of places and scenery, we shall not venture to award the palm, merely remarking that in neither case are they of a kind to stir those feelings of discontent and longing in the reader which some travellers have the unhappy gift of exciting.



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